VOL. CCIX, No. 2725

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THE SPHERE, MAY 3, 1952
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The SPHERE

with which is incorporated The GRAPHIC

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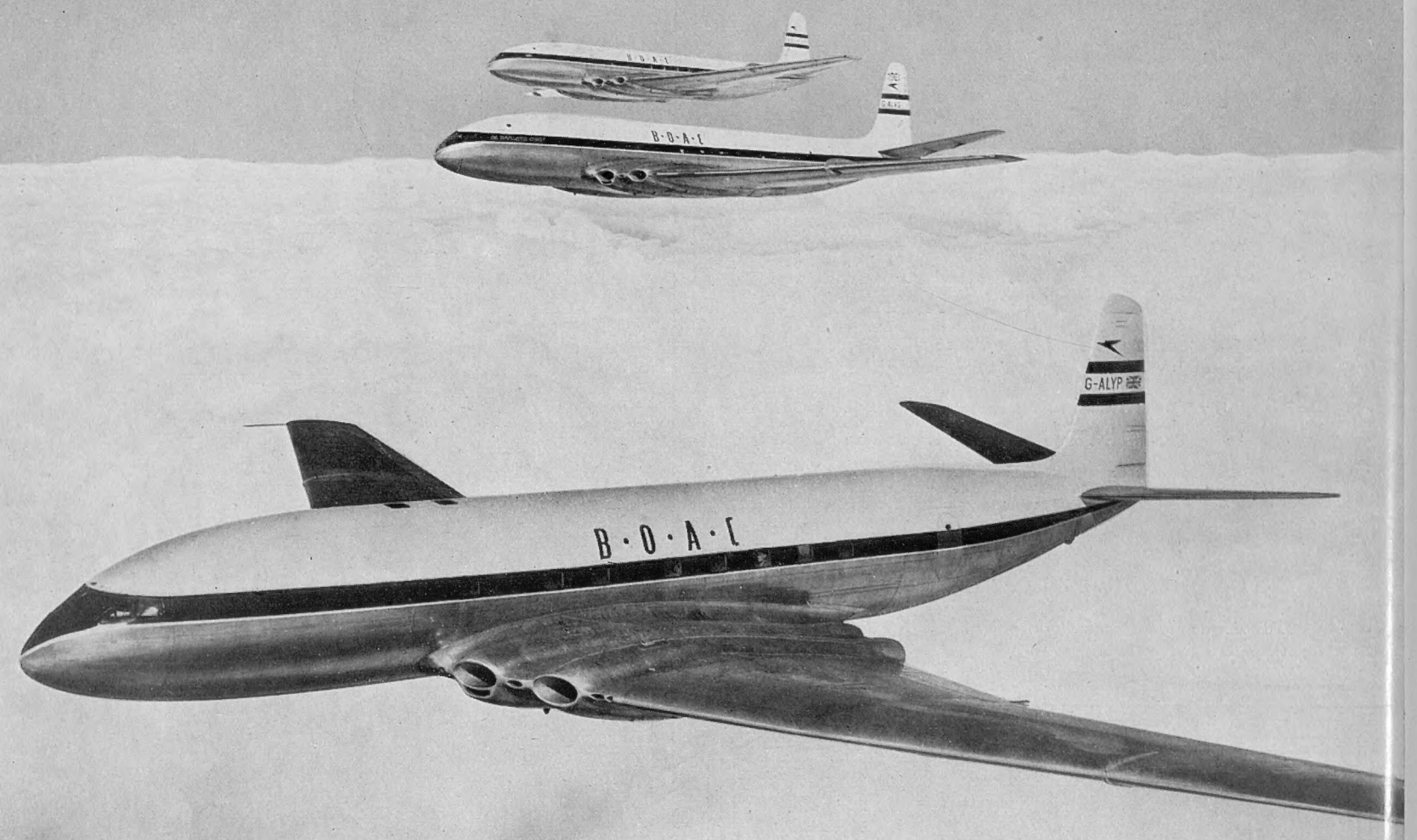

The Comet

Eight miles a minute, eight miles high,
in the smooth clear sky

DE HAVILLAND

AIRCRAFT

ENGINES

Volume CCIX No. 2725 The SPHERE, London, May 3, 1952

The SPHERE
with which is incorporated THE GRAPHIC

NEW COLOURS FOR THE GLORIOUS GLOUCESTERS—WITH THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER (LEFT FOREGROUND) FACING HIM, THE REV. CANON V. J. PIKE, CHAPLAIN-GENERAL TO THE FORCES, CONSECRATES THE COLOURS WHICH THE DUKE LATER HANDED TO THE 1ST BATTALION OF THE REGIMENT: The impressive ceremony took place last Saturday in Spa Park, Gloucester, and it was the climax of two days of celebration in which the county paid tribute to the feats of the Gloucesters on the Imjin River.

The Duke of Gloucester, Colonel-in-Chief of the Gloucester Regiment, flew to Moreton Valence Airfield last Saturday and then went by car to Spa Park, Gloucester, driving through the flag-bedecked city to join in the tribute to the 1st Battalion, which won renown by its stand against the Chinese on the Imjin River, in Korea, a year ago. The new colours which the Duke presented to the 1st Battalion on behalf of the Queen replace those which have been borne in four continents since 1868. This was the first presentation of the Queen's Colour during her reign, and the first time since 1872 that a Gloucestershire battalion had received new colours in Gloucester. The people turned out in thousands to watch the Battalion march through the city, and some 3,500 people, including many of the wives and relatives of the officers and men who were captured or killed at Imjin filled Gloucester Cathedral for a triple ceremony—the laying-up of colours, the unveiling of a war memorial, and the service of thanksgiving for the return of the Gloucesters from Korea. (For further pictures see also page 171 of this issue.)

Postage—Inland, 2d.; Canada, 1½d.; Elsewhere Abroad, 2½d.

The SPHERE with which is incorporated THE GRAPHIC

Vol. CCIX, No. 2725. May 3, 1952

EDITORIAL AND PUBLISHING OFFICES:
195-198, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.2

Postage Rates for this Issue—Inland, 2d.; Canada, 1½d.; Elsewhere Abroad, 2½d.

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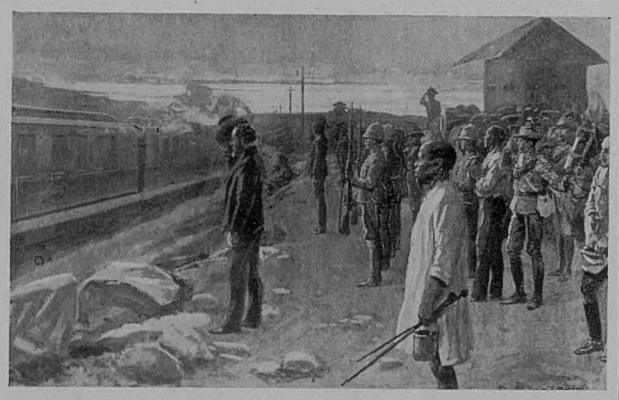
FROM "THE SPHERE" OF 50 YEARS AGO



FROM CAPE TOWN TO THE MATOPPOS: The funeral train bearing the remains of Cecil Rhodes saluted by the block-house sentries as it passed on its way to the burial-place in Rhodesia. Cecil Rhodes died on March 26, 1902, and this drawing appeared in "The Sphere" on May 3.

NOTICE TO CONTRIBUTORS

Drawings.—*The Art Editor will be pleased to consider artists' specimens and has an especial interest in architectural, shipping, aeronautical, industrial and scientific subjects. It is essential that contributors have a high standard of technical accuracy, as well as of artistic merit. Artists should make an appointment with the Art Editor before submitting their work, or should write to him giving a brief description of its scope if they wish to send specimens through the post. All work should bear a short description and the name and address of the contributor, together with stamps for its return through the post should this be necessary. It is essential that the copyright of all drawings is at the disposal of the owner, as* THE SPHERE *generally publishes the work only after obtaining all rights.*

Photography.—*Topical photographs of news events and of personalities in the news will always be considered. It is absolutely essential that these are fully and accurately captioned, with names and ranks of persons appearing in the pictures. Such photographs must be received at the earliest possible date after the event. Negatives will not be considered and photoprints should be at least* 8 *ins. by* 6 *ins. The copyright of such pictures must be at the disposal of the sender, postage included for those sent by mail.*

Manuscripts.—*Articles and Synopses should always be sent direct to the Editor and, if possible, accompanied with illustrations and photographs. In each case the pictures should be adequately captioned. Articles are required on all subjects relating to the news of the day, ranging in length from* 750 *words to* 2,000 *words.*

THE "SPHERE'S" MEMORIAL NUMBERS

The Royal Funeral Number of "The Sphere," published on February 23, which met with such unprecedented demand, can still be obtained, thanks to re-printing arrangements made at the time, and a limited number of copies is now available for home and overseas readers who were unable to obtain the issue in question. The price of each copy, including postage, is 3s. 3d.

IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

AIRLINES ACROSS A SHRINKING WORLD

By IVOR THOMAS, former M.P. for Keighley, with Illustrations by GORDON NICOLL

A London Newsletter

195-198, STRAND, W.C.2.

Stafford Cripps.—The obituary notices of Sir Stafford Cripps painted a curiously unanimous picture of his character. "To all not on intimate terms with him, his manners were cold and even repellent. The mass of his supporters, who admired and obeyed him, were not drawn to him personally. Men of the highest rank found him stiff and unbending. . . . His intimate friends were few; they were ardently attached to him; to them he was warm-hearted and affectionate and in their company was cheerful and gay. He loved children. . . ." Those words were written of William Pitt. They would serve for Stafford Cripps who, like Pitt, struggled with ill-health but combated it with austerity rather than port wine. Yet *integer vitæ, scelerisque purus* stands for both of them, though Pitt was for ever in debt and Cripps drew an enormous income as long as he wished to do so. Lucidity and cold logic were with each the basis of oratory. With each, grasp of the subject on hand was complete. Each could be a master of sarcasm. Each was an unselfseeking patriot. Each was possessed of supreme moral courage when convinced that unpopular measures were needed. With all these qualities neither could hope in life to be a popular favourite. Yet both were typical Englishmen—a type too rare—and Cripps, with his deep religious convictions, was saintly. And saints suggest stained-glass, which is never so warm as the flesh-tints of oil-colour portraiture.

Jupiter's Autobiography.—Jupiter or The Thunderer or *The Times* has completed to date its long and distinguished autobiography. A century and more ago the paper was written with a trenchancy and even brutality to which it has been a stranger in our "civilised" times. Indeed, its constant readers have sometimes complained that it is too much inclined to say with flowers what should be said with flails, and to sit on the fence. Not such is the language of its autobiography. There its concern is to find and reveal the truth without fear or favour or respect for personal feelings. Thus the Northcliffe interlude is treated, and the frightful end—the "popularisation" of the paper with flapper and nit-wit items—from which it was saved by Northcliffe's death, is dramatically described. Dawson returned to edit it with a new charter to protect its integrity. Editors of *The Times* are usually as remarkable for their anonymity as for their reputed or actual power. Honours and rewards are not for them. Their laurels are the sense of power which comes from contact with the great and the pride of integrity. Thomas Barnes secured that immense prestige for all his successors. Nevertheless, even the humble constant reader gets an idea of the character of the Editor from the treatment of news and views in the paper. No one could fail to notice the difference under the second editorship of Dawson and that of Barrington-Ward, but few of us can have expected that both of them would be so roughly handled as they are in this frank and exciting last instalment. Dawson is handed down to us as an insular Tory, incredibly ignorant of foreign affairs, while Barrington-Ward appears almost a pro-Nazi. Barnes himself was habitually critical of almost every contemporary, but even he might be surprised by the frank criticism of some of his successors.

News Out of Russia.—I always read the reports of English-speaking men who have returned from a week or month or year spent studying the Russian way of life and thought. The honest ones admit that it is all guesswork. They must get permission before they speak even to a bus-conductor. If they get it, which is seldom, their questions are shied-off or unanswered. You scratch a Russian and you find a frightened man, a cynic or a suspicious man. The truth may be in him but it won't come out for you. The three questions which every Western sleuth asks and hopes to have answered are: (1) Do the Russians want war? (2) Are they satisfied with the régime? (3) Is the life of the average citizen tolerable? The only answers which we can approximately judge to be "correct" are obtained rather by the eye and by common sense than by verbal information. (1) Of course the Russian people don't want war. They are not insane to a man. But they expect war, having been drilled into the belief that that is the last fling of tottering Capitalism—and they expect it from America. (2) Are they satisfied with the régime or pining to overthrow Stalin? The Bolskevik yoke is no longer so ruthless, bloody and brutal. The millions have become used to, sometimes even proud of, their milder servitude. (3) Is their life tolerable? They are well fed by any standards, ill-housed by almost any standards. Their "bread" is good, their "circuses" so far removed from the not very exalted ideals of Western civilisation as to seem intolerably dull to us because they are far less cheap, nasty, frivolous and vulgar than ours often are. It is safe to say with confidence that life in Russia is absolute hell to anybody who has tasted the surviving freedoms of Western civilisation. For Russians who have known much worse it is accepted sometimes with apathy, sometimes cynicism, sometimes pride. The truth is not in them from top to bottom or, rather, it stays in them. One and all, they tell lies from habit or expediency, and they do it sometimes very efficiently and sometimes very clumsily, as with everything.

Storm in a Teacup?—Finland is a small country. Great and terrible neighbours dwell on its boundaries. Its history has been a long fight for freedom, not always very successfully waged. That history has been told in the music of Sibelius, which will sob out over the stadium with the national anthem of half the nations of the world who are sending competitors to the fifteenth Olympic Games. These games have no very pacific records. It is one of the oddest features of the modern world that hatred and rage are as easily roused in sports and recreations as in politics and ideological conflicts. Star athletes are apt to be treated as demi-gods or film actresses, and swollen heads and egos are liable to burst and hero-worship to turn to hartals. In earlier Olympic games it had been found necessary to segregate the nations and to bring them to the ring by devious routes, lest they should fall upon one another and let off their pistols untimely. But Finland is very small, and Helsinki, though a large capital for a small country, is only a large Portsmouth or a small Sheffield. And in Helsinki all the visiting teams, the clamjamphrie of nations and ideologies, will have to tuck up together, the Communist with the Fascist, the West with the East, the bond with the free. The Finns will need all their tact and charm to win through without explosions. If they succeed, they should do well in invisible imports and may send back to the nation

THE FIRST BARRISTERS OF THE QUEEN'S REIGN

THE FIRST NEW Q.C.s CREATED SINCE THE REIGN OF QUEEN VICTORIA, OUTSIDE THE HOUSE OF LORDS AFTER BEING SWORN-IN ON THE FIRST DAY OF THE EASTER LAW SITTINGS: The seventeen new Queen's Counsel are, from left to right (front row)—William Porges; Philip I. Bell; Phineas Quass; Roy Ernest Borneman; the Hon. Benjamin Ludlow Bathurst; Edward Ryder Richardson; Frank Gahan; Nelson Edwin Mustoe and Evan Bowen. Back row—Hugh Evan Boileau; Richard Marvin Everett; Edward Johnson Rimmer; John Busse Harold Infield Williss; Cecil Harry Andrew Bennett; Maurice Gravenor Hewins and George Gillespie Baker

in bondage many nationals newly converted to the charms of freedom. But Finland's freedom is very precarious. Let us hope that the best men will win the big events, or shall we pray that the most powerful and aggressive nations will sweep the board ?

Last of the Barons.—Lord Leconfield, who died last week at Petworth, behind that terrific wall which has kept the little town as a maze or rabbit-warren for centuries, might well be called (as some time back was Lord Chaplin) "the last of the barons." He was eighty years old, and had been for decades an institution in West Sussex, as indeed he deserved to be ; for the still visible integrity of West Sussex owed a great deal to him. All his life he fought to preserve it, and sacrificed his leisure and treasure to that end. He was already a very sick man when West Sussex honoured him on his retirement from public affairs at a great dinner at Arundel Castle presided over by the Duke of Norfolk, and it was a deserved tribute which greatly moved him. For decades he hunted his own hounds, for decades he was a hardworking Lord Lieutenant and presided over innumerable local committees, an impressive chairman, with his red face and pale-blue eyes, his neat lemon gaiters and his pithy comments. A rather alarming man, as shy men often are, he was an admirable, witty and kindly, if dictatorial, host, at his autumn and winter shooting parties over his large estate, which ran from near Arundel to near Rogate. Despite the austerity of Lord Leconfield's latter days, he preserved his acres very much as he inherited them, and the fact that he and one or two of his great neighbouring landlords clung on to their land at great personal sacrifice was a main cause of the still signal charm of West Sussex. The great house of Petworth, with its treasures of art collected by Somersets, Percies and Wyndhams, its memories of Turner and many another protégée of old Egremont, was handed over to the National Trust some years ago. But Lord Leconfield did not advertise the transfer, and lived out his last years in a corner of it. His world had fallen about his ears, but he lived and died, uncomplaining, stoical, witty, interested and calm.

Civilians and Pageantry. — To my great amusement, the plea which I clearly foresaw would be put forward early in this reign has appeared in *The Times* under the above heading, signed by leading composers, authors, actors and editors. It argues that Court ceremonial pageantry relies too largely for its effect on *uniformed* actors, and that civilian endeavour is far too modestly represented in a modern democracy and commonwealth which dreams of a new Elizabethan era like the former one which was made great as much by the genius of its poets, dramatists and thinkers as by its sailors and soldiers. It so happens that I developed last week in a signed article another feature or facet of this modern problem of democratising Court ceremonial. Clearly, it is in the minds of thinking people ! In this country we do not run to a literary "academy" with a pretty uniform. Our generals wear patchwork quilts on their breasts signifying the Sovereign's delight in honouring them. Doctors and scientists have come into their own, and Civil Servants are sure of recognition. But when a modern Bacon, Shakespeare, Sheridan or Kemble receives an honour, it is hailed as a rare tribute to the Sovereign's appreciation of craftsmanship in some very minor field. I want to see Benjamin Britten and Housman and Sybil Thorndike in our Coronation pageant next year. I don't want them to let down the show by appearing in mufti. We cannot hope by next year to have achieved an appropriate "Windsor uniform" for literary and dramatic academicians, but an alternative suggests itself in fancy dress. Britten would adorn any pageant dressed as a Nelsonian sailor, and a Victorian courtier from a *Palace Play* or a Joan of Arc would lend colour no less.

Grousing Without Data.—It is usually true that there is no smoke without fire, and the railway nationalisation experiment has created new and alarming causes for complaint inside and outside this industry. But, no doubt we, the public, do often rush rather blindly into the field with our "grouses" and complaints of the incompetence or injustice of authority. Last week-end I learned more about the economics of inland transport than I had harvested in a lifetime as a train- or bus-user, which I have long ceased to be. Nowadays I seldom travel in a train, and therefore remain calm when fares are increased, but knowledge is always welcome to me and I now confess that the railway "they" have made out a case for a condemnation of blind or ignorant grousing. I had no notion of the gulf that divides the running cost of the express long-distance train and the local, stopping or parliamentary train. The former, it seems, costs about ½d. per passenger-mile (whatever that unit of measurement means), and the latter may cost up to 2s. Thus, when I pay my bunch of fivers for a journey to Nairn, I am clearly subsidising the 8.27 from Surbiton. My ticket to Nairn should clearly in justice cost something more like 300 pence than 300 shillings. I am paying (I learn) for the War Office, who demand the keeping up of branch lines useful in the event of war, useless in peace. You observe how I switch from one grouse to another. New knowledge does not change my nature as a natural-born grouser. It remains to learn the cost per passenger-mile of those semi-long-distance expresses from London to, say, Portsmouth, which hold me up whenever I am in Petersfield and at last thunder over the level crossing carrying about half-a-dozen passengers in either direction. Is there room there for economy ?

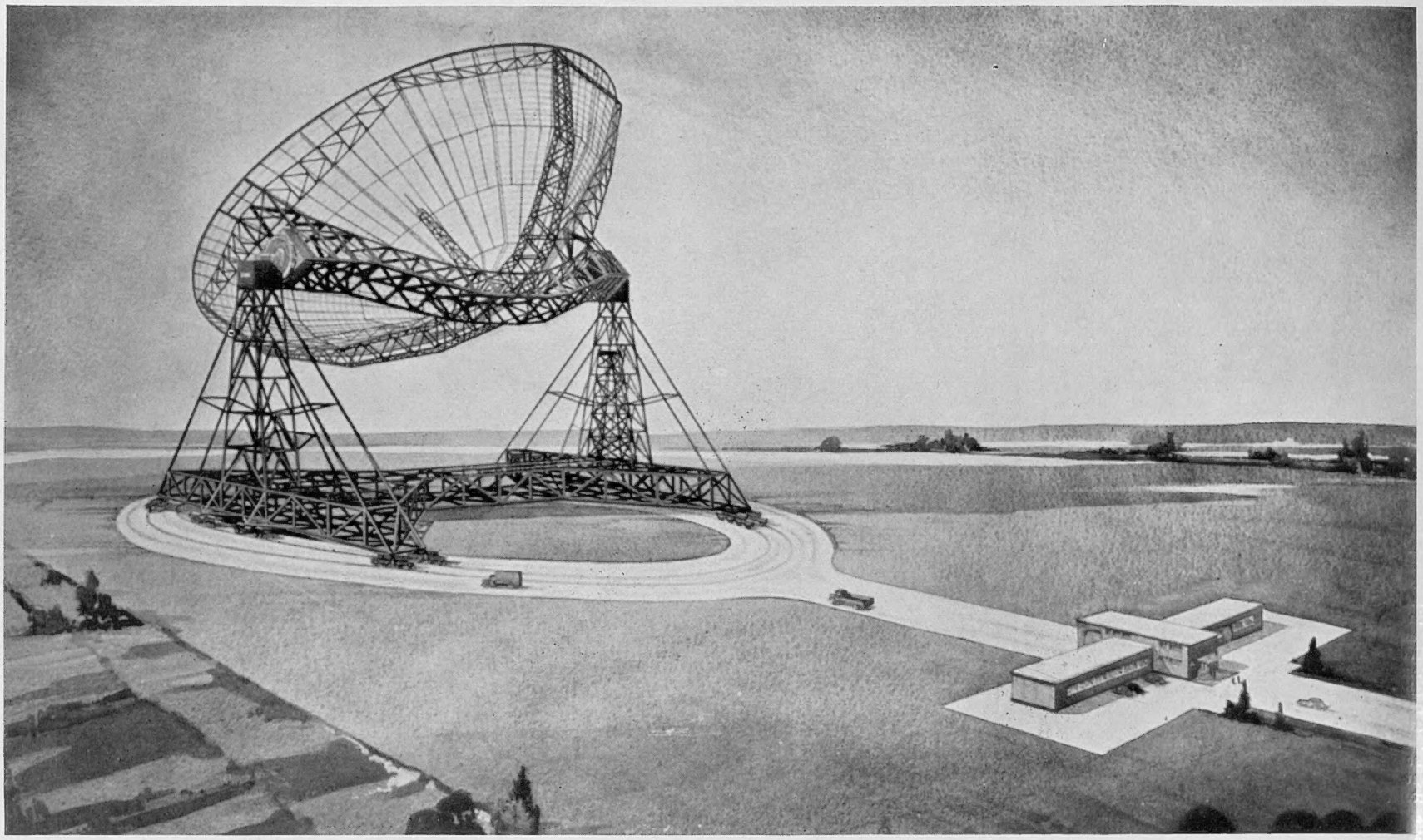
THE OLD STAGER

A FARM-CART AS A ROYAL GRANDSTAND ON HERCULES HILL

WATCHING THE OLYMPIC HORSE TRIALS AT BADMINTON : The Queen, the Duke of Edinburgh (extreme left, looking through glasses), the Duke of Beaufort (standing), Princess Margaret and the Earl of Dalkeith on their farm-cart grandstand from which they watched the second day's events in the Olympic Horse Trials in the grounds of Badminton, the Duke of Beaufort's Gloucestershire estate. This grandstand on Hercules Hill commanded a view of several fences on the cross-country course. The Queen did not remain on the grandstand throughout the trials, her Majesty spending much of the day driving round and visiting the fences. On several occasions she joined the crowd on the ropes. Further pictures of the Royal visit to Badminton will be found on page 185.

THE NORTHERN RADIO AND TELEVISION EXHIBITION

160 TELEVISION SETS ARE IN OPERATION AT THIS MANCHESTER EXHIBITION : A view of some of the stands at the Northern Radio Show which was opened last week by Lord Brabazon of Tara. Lord Brabazon told his audience that Britain would soon be communicating with the United States by television. "How it will be done," he said, "I do not yet know. The technical people, however, have a scheme of using ships and aircraft across the Atlantic which would be used to 'bounce' a picture between Britain and America in a series of short hops. It would be very expensive indeed, and the first transmission would have to be in the nature of a 'stunt.' In three or four years' time, however, I believe that the system will be sufficiently simplified to make Anglo-American television exchanges a regular feature."



THIS IS A SCALE DRAWING OF THE NEW STEERABLE RADIO TELESCOPE, WORK ON WHICH SHOULD BEGIN THIS SUMMER AT JODRELL BANK, CHESHIRE, EXPERIMENTAL STATION OF MANCHESTER UNIVERSITY: With this instrument, which will be 2½ times the size of St. Paul's dome, the scientists hope to map stars invisible through conventional visible telescopes. The movable telescope will supersede the present fixed telescope, which is already the largest of its kind in the world and which in 1950 first picked up radio waves from the Andromeda nebula 750,000 light-years away. New information may be obtained about the sun, meteors, the moon, some of the planets, the regions of the Milky Way at present obscured to vision by dust-clouds in inter-stellar space. Building the telescope will probably cost about £336,000, half of which will be borne by the Nuffield Foundation and half by the Government vote to the Department of Scientific and Industrial Research. It is hoped to complete the building in less than four years. The diameter of the parabaloid aerial will be 250 ft., compared with the 220 ft. diameter of the fixed telescope, and its bowl will be 60 ft. deep instead of the 25 ft. of the present one. The telescope, weighing 1,270 tons, will be on a platform 310 ft. in diameter.

MANCHESTER PLANS A RADIO TELESCOPE

A Mighty Instrument to Study the Remot Galaxies—A Telescope which is to b 2½ Times the Size of St. Paul's Dom

The WATER SLALOM on the THAMES

London Canoeists Demonstrate Their Prowess at Shepperton "Rapids"

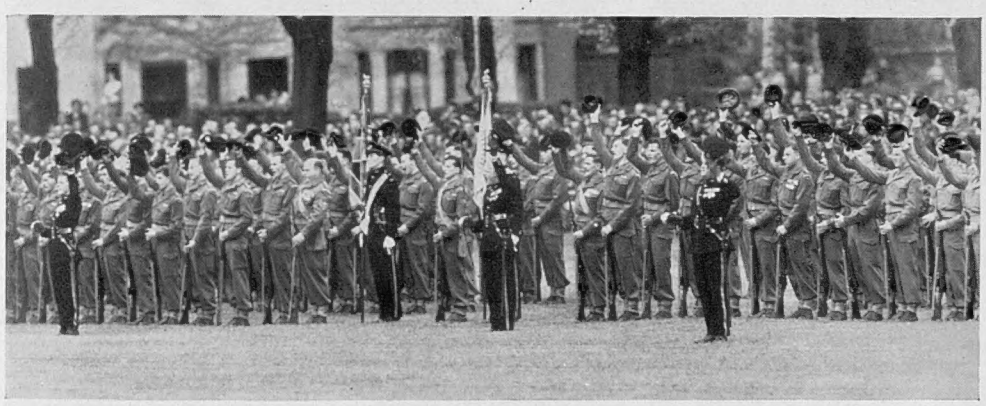
A VICTIM OF THE RAPIDS: Mr. S. R. Jolley trying to right his canoe after capsizing in the turbulent waters beneath Shepperton Weir, where the Canoe Fellowship held a water slalom last Sunday. As the Thames is much too placid for the contest, the Shepperton sluice-gates are opened up in order to create an artificial torrent.

NEGOTIATING THE BOILING "RAPIDS" OF SHEPPERTON WEIR: Mrs. Pat Sheldon, of the Canoe Camping Club, taking part in the water slalom at Shepperton. The idea of the contest is to manœuvre the canoes through nine pairs of hanging poles. It is, in fact, a water version of the downhill slalom organised by skiers. Mrs. Sheldon proved most adept, and won the women's championship. There were forty competitors in all. Their activities did not interfere with other pleasure-seekers on the river, as Shepperton Weir lies away from the main traffic stream through the lock. After the race the competitors paddled home to their various points of departure, many of them having to travel ten miles or more.

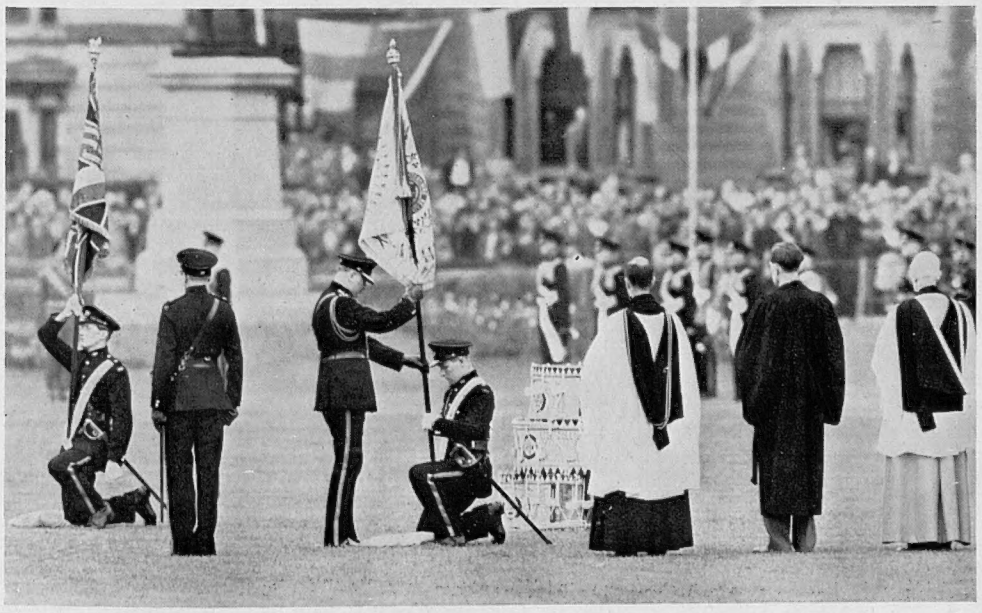
THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER, COLONEL-IN-CHIEF OF THE REGIMENT, TAKES THE SALUTE IN SPA PARK AT THE MARCH PAST OF THE 1ST BATTALION OF THE GLOUCESTERSHIRE REGIMENT, THE "GLORIOUS GLOUCESTERS," WHO LAST YEAR ACHIEVED NEW FAME BY THEIR DELAYING ACTION UPON THE IMJIN RIVER: The march-past followed the presentation of the new colours by the Duke, who was acting on behalf of the Queen. In his address the Duke referred to the wonderful part played by the Gloucesters in British military history, and in particular in the Imjin battle. He spoke with regret of the fact that Colonel Carne and other comrades were still prisoners. After the ceremonies at Spa Park the Battalion marched through the streets with colours flying, drums beating and bayonets fixed.

THE COUNTY'S TRIBUTE TO THE GLOUCESTERS

THE PRESENTATION OF NEW COLOURS AT SPA PARK BY THE COLONEL-IN-CHIEF, THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER

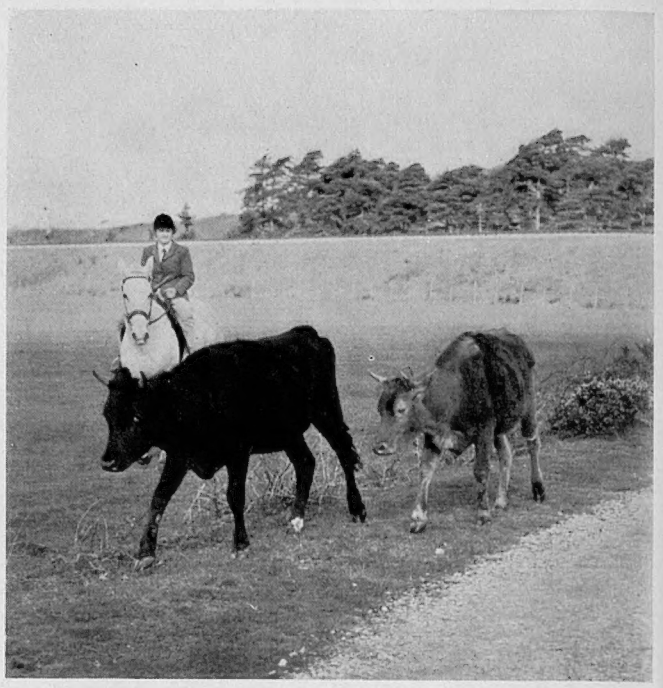


THREE CHEERS FOR THE COLONEL-IN-CHIEF: Men of the Gloucesters cheering the Duke of Gloucester during the parade at Spa Park. Many of those on parade had seen Korean service and some had taken part in the battle of the Imjin River against the Chinese.



THE NEW COLOURS AND THE OLD COLOURS: *Left*—The Duke of Gloucester presenting the new colours after the consecration by the Chaplain to the Forces. *Right*—The old colours being borne into Gloucester Cathedral for laying-up. Now weathered from eighty-four years' service and much patched, the old colours were presented to the Battalion at Gibraltar. They were among the oldest still in use. Ramillies, Quebec, Corunna and Waterloo are the outstanding battle honours.

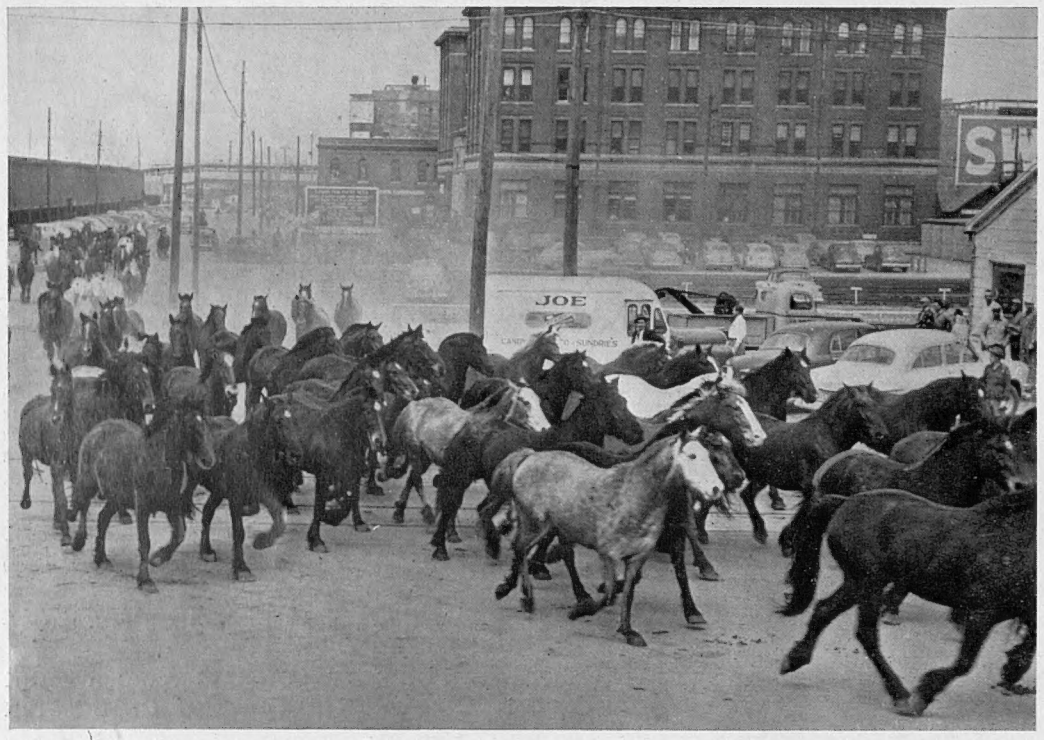
A ROUND-UP OF CATTLE IN THE NEW FOREST : These are a few of the 3,000 or 4,000 cattle which are turned out to graze in the New Forest at this time of the year and which have had to be taken back to their owners' holdings because of an outbreak of foot-and-mouth disease. Most of the forest came into the area in which the Ministry of Agriculture imposed a standstill order.



GUIDING HOME NEW FOREST CATTLE ON HORSEBACK : Miss Mavis Turner, daughter of a Hampshire farmer, taking part in the recent round-up of cattle in the New Forest necessitated by an outbreak of foot-and-mouth disease at North End Farm, Harbridge. Thousands of cattle were involved in the round-up.

ANIMAL ROUND-UP

New Forest Cattle Menaced by Foot-and-Mouth; Saving Horses from the Missouri Floods; Shelties in London; Bloodhound Trials at Goodwood



EQUINE REFUGEES FROM THE MISSOURI FLOODS : Volunteer herdsmen guided these horses through the crowded thoroughfares of St. Joseph, Missouri, after they had been saved from the rising waters of the great river during the recent flooding of the Missouri Valley. The horses were eventually taken to safe pasturage on higher ground.

SHETLAND PONIES AT THE LONDON ZOO : These tiny Shelties, i charge of four of the hostesses at the Children's Corner of th London Zoo, are spending a month there before leavin for the United States, where they are to join a collection. While at the London Zoo they will have llamas, goats an sheep as well as the young visitors as their companion

BLOODHOUND FIELD TRIALS AT GOODWOOD : Dasher of Brighton, a fine British bloodhound owned jointly by Mr. C. S. Nicholls and Mrs. M. C. Oldfield, picks up the scent in the woods during the Association of Bloodhound Breeders' three-day Trials last week.

THE AMERICAN CHAMPION SPOTTER OF LITTLEBROOK WATCHED BY JUDGES AT THE END OF HIS TRIAL AT GOODWOOD : This splendid bloodhound took second place in the Junior Stake, a line one hour cold and two miles long. Spotter of Littlebrook is owned jointly by Mrs. Oldfield and Mrs. Harris-St. John. The Trials took place in ideal country and fine weather.

THE MENTON LANDSLIDES

A Deluge of Heavy Rain After a Long Drought has Brought Disaster to this Famous Town on the French Riviera

A GENERAL VIEW OF A HILL AT MENTON, ON THE FRENCH RIVIERA, WHERE WHOLE HOUSES WERE SWEPT AWAY BY LANDSLIDES: The course of a big landslide can be seen on the left, and on the right the terraced slopes of the hill are scarred by smaller movements of the earth. Landslides took place simultaneously in several parts of the town last week after rain had loosened soil from the rocks beneath. Twelve people were at that time reported dead or missing and damage to property was estimated at £200,000. With the help of volunteers, firemen and police worked all night digging injured people from the debris of their ruined homes. It was feared that many more buildings were in danger of collapse.

THE RUINS OF A HOUSE DESTROYED IN THE RECENT LANDSLIDES AT MENTON, ON THE RIVIERA: The occupants of this house were among the missing and were believed to be buried beneath the debris. It was estimated that over 300 people were rendered homeless by the flooding and subsequent landslides.

THE REMNANTS OF A MENTON HOME AFTER A LANDSLIDE: The Ministry of the Interior sent £1,000 for the relief of suffering and hotels were requisitioned for the homeless.

A SURVIVING HOUSE STANDS PRECARIOUSLY AT THE EDGE OF A LANDSLIDE: At the foot of the hill is the debris of a neighbouring house destroyed by the moving mass of earth.

THE PATH OF ONE OF THE LANDSLIDES THAT DESTROYED MORE THAN TWENTY HOUSES AT MENTON: Moving down from the hillside above, hundreds of tons of earth swept through this fine house, smashing through the stout walls and carrying uprooted trees and debris to the river below.

THEY CALL IT PSYCHOLOGICAL INDOCTRINATION: When this atom bomb exploded recently in the Nevada proving grounds 2,000 or more troops were within four miles of the explosion. They were entrenched in fox-holes and had their backs to the blast. All of them came through the experiment very well. In this picture journalists and civil defence experts at an even greater distance from the detonation are seen assembled for a grandstand view.

A FOREIGN NEWS COMMENTARY

A Pictorial Survey of Events Abroad; With Notes

By FERDINAND TUOHY

THE LATEST ATOMIC CLOUD VIEWED FROM LAS VEGAS, NINETY MILES FROM THE POINT OF EXPLOSION: The great spiral column from which the cloud mushroomed could not be clearly seen at this distance.

Troops Under Atom-Bomb Fire.—As the exploding atom bombs now unfolds in New Mexico and Nevada, emphasis is on the effect upon the Forces and away from the consequences to large civilian communities. That the latter might not be involved in atomic bombing which would be confined to military targets on a vast field of operations is a risen hope.

In such eventuality some populous centres would be bound to suffer because of their tactical and other direct importance to the contending forces; these are the places which should first look to their civil defences.

In a test last autumn, the accent was on the physical: soldiers in special clothing lay tensed on the ground, their backs to the blast and 7 miles from it. This time, in Nevada, the stress was as much on the psychological. Troops were drawn from all parts of the country, the idea being that, having lived unharmed through an atomic explosion quite close at hand, they would dissipate prevalent fears on their return to their home stations.

The most powerful bomb yet exploded in the U.S. was released at 30,000 ft., burst forty-two seconds later at 3,500 ft. (1,000 ft. higher than over Hiroshima). Three to five miles away, 1,500 men lay in fox-holes 4½ ft. deep, backing to the blast and wearing black goggles. They felt some shock and got an awful lot of dirt and dust.

After 100 minutes, they rose and moved forward into the still faintly radioactive area where they joined up with 120 paratroopers who had been dropped almost before the last wisp of the awful "mushroom" had been wafted away. That was another picture of acclimatization.

The fearsome familiar "mushroom" of flaming, orange-purple chaos and smoke was partially seen on TV by 35,000,000 people.

Viewers were kept on tenterhooks, however, because of the erratic quality of the pictures. Most set owners saw the highlights of the test; but others missed the show. What the viewers saw at the moment of the explosion was a tiny white spot in the middle of a large black oval. The black area was purely a television phenomenon caused by the intense light of the explosion—the white brilliance was more than the electronic camera could absorb.

The noise of the blast was not heard for another thirty seconds—the time it took the sound waves to travel from the point of the explosion to the place where the microphones were stationed. It was an eerie wait.

The video cameras did not catch much of the mushroom effect of smoke and fire immediately after the blast; the electronic gremlins having taken charge again. When the picture came back, there was the pillar of dust in the centre of the screen, above which was a cloud that momentarily looked like a big doughnut.

THE BATTLE FOR LA PAZ: Bolivian supporters of Victor Paz Estenssoro guarding an alleyway on the outskirts of the city during the slow advance which culminated in the fall of the capital and the establishment of a new Government. La Paz is the loftiest capital in the world, standing at over 12,000 ft. Its name, meaning "The Peace," commemorates the victory of the Bolivians over their Spanish masters.

Bolivian Change-over.—Central and South American revolts, far from new, are yet succeeding each other at shorter intervals, while their texture merits closer examination in view of ubiquitous and never-pausing Soviet sapping (why the chief victims put up with it, when obvious remedies could be applied, is a matter of which more should be heard).

After a three-day revolt centring on La Paz, the capital, and which is said to have cost 800 lives, Bolivia got itself a new Government. The military junta which had held power for eleven months under General Hugo Ballivian was no more; enter instead President Victor Estenssoro, forty-four, doctor of philosophy, and Siles Zuazo, who made the coup in the absence of the doctor as an exile in Buenos Aires.

The new President had been there since 1946, when a mob of students and workers hanged President Villarroel, whose Finance Minister Estenssoro had been. A year ago the doctor was well on the way to being elected President in his absence when Ballivian stepped in.

BOLIVIA'S NEW PRESIDENT TAKES THE OATH: Victor Paz Estenssoro with hand upraised is sworn-in as chief executive at La Paz following the revolution which brought him out of exile. Estenssoro was elected President in 1951 but he never took office because of a sudden military coup.

Both Estenssoro and Zuazo belong to the National Revolutionary Party (M.N.R.), and at first sight the new regime seems strongly infused by Peronist tendencies. Not only is its support much the same—miners, railway unions, students, women and underdogs (the "shirtless" of Peronism), but the plotting was done from the Argentine and the result acclaimed there.

The mainspring was the attack on a handful of millionaires who own the all-important tin mines. These are to be nationalised. Nothing startlingly "red" there. But the M.N.R. took Communists to its bosom for the revolt, "callow, ill-clad youths with rifles" formed its guard in the hour of victory, and Siles Zuazo forthwith declared this to be "completely democratic, without any connection with international Communism."

One has heard that before.

And—less than 5 per cent. of Bolivia's 3,500,000 may vote because the rest, being illiterate, are barred.

Poor, backward, violent and to-day nearly bankrupt, Bolivia has had seventeen outbreaks since 1946. Maybe some of this unexampled unruliness derives from chewing the leaf of the coca plant, from which cocaine is manufactured. Bolivia is a prime producer of the drug, but its world importance lies in tin—second to Malaya only.

A contributory cause of the latest revolt was a tin price war with the U.S., a factor which swelled the Argentine-stimulated cry in La Paz of "Anglo-Yankee exploitation.

(*Continued below, on right*)

A UNITED STATES CONGRESSIONAL COMMITTEE SITS IN LONDON: Daniel J. Flood, of Pennsylvania, Ray J. Madden, of Indiana, and George A. Dondero, of Michigan, hearing evidence at the Kensington Palace Hotel at the four-day hearing of the United States Congressional Committee investigating the Katyn Forest massacres, in which 4,200 Polish officers are said to have been put to death.

THE U.S. CONGRESSIONAL COMMITTEE ON THE KATYN FOREST MASSACRES MOVES TO FRANKFURT: Mr. Ray J. Madden, Democrat, of Indiana, inaugurating the hearings in Germany. Twenty-five Germans and exiled Eastern Europeans were to be called at Frankfurt.

The Truth About Katyn.—At Nuremberg in 1946, when a Russian judge sat on the bench beside French, British and American colleagues, the full extent of Soviet crimes against humanity was either not yet known or not yet a fact.

Some present in court shared the outright German view that none of the judges should have been there, the imputed crimes not having been listed as such at the time of their committal, and the allotment of guilt as between dictator and underlings, military and civilians, being beyond jurisprudence.

A larger number in the audience were quite sure that, whatever else, the Soviet judge should not have been there.

Thoughts that return as one read how the tables were turned at Frankfurt, when a U.S. Congressional Committee heard evidence as to whether Germans or Russians were responsible for the murder of 4,200 Polish officers and (some) civilians found buried in Katyn Forest, near Smolensk.

Is it wise to peg away at such investigations years afterwards? It certainly exacerbates the cold war. Does it achieve a political effect? Put up an additional warning to the human race? First news of the Second World War's most hideous massacre outside concentration camps came just nine years ago when the German radio announced that their invading army had discovered the mass graves.

Our valiant ally, just winning at last at Stalingrad, at once came back with the charge that the Germans had done it and were now covering up by taking anticipatory action.

This, the Germans vehemently denied in their turn, and it does seem, calmly and in retrospect, that the German case is much the stronger. They alleged the Russians had murdered the Poles (who had been interned when the former overran Poland in 1940) because they had become a nuisance, politically. In the light of what later transpired in Poland, this is more than likely. In any case, why should the Germans have said anything at all if they were the murderers? Why not let the unfortunate Poles lie on in their grave, unbeknown to the rest of mankind?

Russia countered that autopsies dated the murders in August 1941, when the Germans were on the scene. But the Russians have refused to say a word before the U.S. Committee which began its work in January on a roving basis. Just before Frankfurt, it sat in a Kensington hotel, now housing Poles.

The West at the Receiving End.—Eleven months after the disappearance of two members of the Foreign Office staff in Whitehall, one a top-ranking functionary, something along the same lines has occurred in Berlin—only this time the West was the recipient and it promptly broadcast details of the runaways' arrival and why.

Frau Hanna Hermann was in charge of special reports on German topics at the

(*Continued below*)

THEY FLED TO THE WEST: Gerald Rummler and Frau Hanna Hermann at a Press conference in West Berlin after their escape.

(Communist) Foreign Ministry of the East (Soviet) Zone, in East Berlin. Herr Gerald Rummler was Press Chief there, and specifically related how he had been ordered by the Soviet secret police to spy on Foreign Minister George Dertinger, ex-journalist, and other F.O. officials.

Herr Rummler smelled a rat just about the same time as Frau Hanna. Had not the Communist security police been questioning their loyalty? So Hanna and Gerald took the Metro, simplest method of crossing from one Berlin to the other, and were received by the Adenauer party.

One day there'll be a fine composite story to be written round all those who skipped through the Curtain.

THE RE-EMERGENCE OF LENI RIEFENSTAHL: The German film actress and producer receiving congratulations after being cleared for a second time by a German denazification court. She told the court that she had given her support to Jewish friends during the Nazi era, and witnesses strongly supported this statement.

Leni Again.—Small items in themselves, such as the further denazification of Leni Riefenstahl, combine to point how Germans' lives are returning to what they were before defeat, before Hitler took over; a process which should be expedited with the anticipated end of the (Western) Occupation next month.

And now what of Leni in this an Olympic year? Do we remember the ravishing creature, *aetat.* twenty-seven, who gave us the great film of the 1936 Berlin Games? Leni had made her debut as film producer at the Nazi Rally at Nuremberg in 1934, which is the more lasting historical document.

In court she said she had been close to Hitler, but not a Party member. She had aided Jews. In her early forties, herself could be mistaken for a comely Jewess. Leni got her house back. It had been under U.S. requisition, and she had to be reclassified as non Nazi before re-entering into possession.

FELICITATIONS FOR EVA: Signora Eva Peron, wife of the Argentinian President, being congratulated by the Syrian Minister, Dr. Zeki Djabi, after she had received a high Syrian award. The ceremony took place at the Casa de Gobierno in Buenos Aires.

Peronism's Growth.—In drawing attention to the growing influence of Peronism in many sectors of South America, a *New York Times* correspondent so characterises the Buenos Aires regime: "A radical Right-Wing movement that has some features of Communism coupled with political anti-Communism and strong-arm Government."

The reference to Communism is specially interesting in view of two pieces of news from Buenos Aires. The first is that the President and his wife are concerned lest their monopoly of outsize portraiture should be impinged upon. Ministers have understood that it is to their interest to remove portraits of themselves from outside their offices.

The second item is well in line with Communist procedure towards its opponents. General Peron announces forced labour camps in Patagonia, southern, Siberian-like tip of the country. "I am going to gather them [a pick of his opponents] into groups of 200 and put them to build roads," says the General, who went on to complain of "systematic and organised attack by Imperialists."

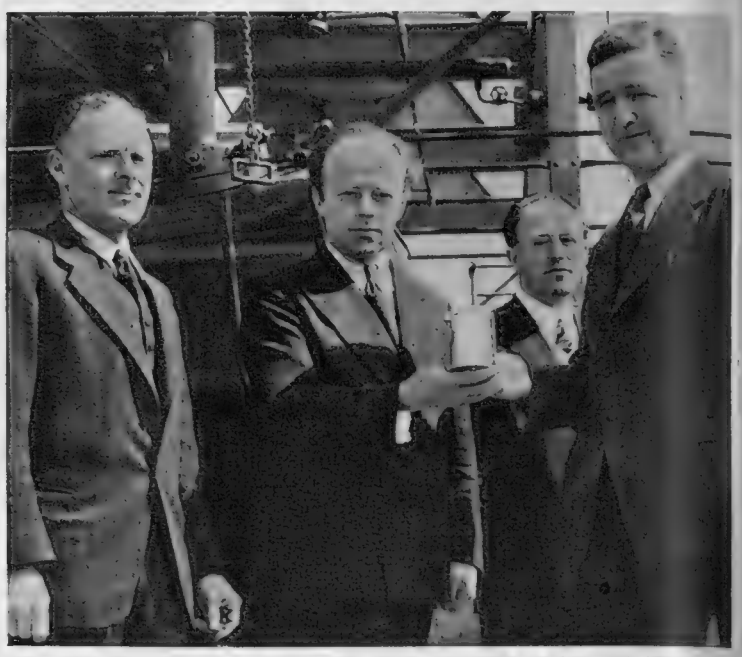
Meanwhile, a battle for dominance was being staged between Peronism and North American labour at Petropolis, exotic Brazilian resort perched high above Rio. Brazil's Communist organ appeared indifferent to attacks on Peron.

This supports the view that South America's Communists are lying low in the hope of profiting from any slip by the Perons, which would have repercussions in and outside Argentina.

MAINLY PERSONAL

Sophie Tucker in London; Mr. Erskine Childers at a Dublin Inauguration; The Trial of Walter Wanger; Skorzeny Entertains in Madrid; Prince Bernhard in a Ram Jet Helicopter; Rudolf Friml Marries Again; Kate Kennedy at St. Andrews

THE LAST OF "THE RED-HOT MOMMAS" IS BACK IN LONDON—AND STILL A STAR ATTRACTION: Sophie Tucker seen in action at the Palladium, where last week she received an ovation as wildly enthusiastic as ever. At sixty-eight years of age her vigour is still undimmed. In a staggering ensemble of pink and mink, and sparkling with diamonds, she strode on to the stage to a roar of welcome, and then proceeded to give ten songs in a repertoire lasting thirty-seven minutes. Later in her packed dressing-room Miss Tucker declared: "In thirty years of my coming to London I was never so nervous. But it all went in the first minute. Bless you all." On the table were stacked more than a hundred telegrams of good wishes.



MR. ERSKINE CHILDERS OPENS THE NEW BITUMEN PLANT OF IRISH SHELL IN DUBLIN: The Minister of Posts and Telegraphs in the Eire Government making a presentation to Mr. John Paul (right), Director of the Dublin firm of civil engineering and building contractors responsible for the new plant. Mr. Childers, who rose to Cabinet rank in 1951, and was a Parliamentary Secretary to the Minister of Local Government in the Fianna Fail administration of 1948, is a son of the celebrated Erskine Childers, who was identified with the Sinn Fein movement and a prominent supporter of de Valera in his Irish Republic campaign. Erskine Childers I joined the Republicans in their armed resistance to the Anglo-Irish Treaty of 1922, and was captured and shot by the Free State Government. Childers was widely known by his novel, *The Riddle of the Sands*—a best-seller.

THE JUDGMENT ON WALTER WANGER, THE FILM PRODUCER: This picture, taken in a court at Santa Monica, California, shows Wanger with his defence attorney, Jerry Geisler (right), and Adolph Alexander, Assistant Chief Deputy District Attorney. Wanger was charged with the attempted murder on December 13 of Jennings Lang, agent for Wanger's wife, the actress Joan Bennett. He told the court that he waived trial by jury and agreed to have his case tried by Judge Harry Borde, of the Superior Court, on the basis of the testimony taken by the Grand Jury which indicted him. Judge Borde later sentenced him to four months' imprisonment, to be served at a farm or camp instead of in jail. By adopting the course he did Wanger was pleading neither guilty nor not guilty and was using a law, peculiar to California, whereby there is no hearing of witnesses. It was stated in Hollywood that the principals in the case as well as leading personalities in the film industry were anxious to avoid a long trial.

THE AGA KHAN'S FIRST OUTING AFTER HIS RECENT ILLNESS: While flying last February from Calcutta to Dacca, in Eastern Pakistan, the Aga Khan suffered a heart attack. Since then he has been convalescing at his Cannes Villa, "Yakymour," and is seen here with the Begum taking his first car ride since he became ill. It is reported that he is making excellent progress and that he may come to England for the Derby on May 28. The Aga Khan, spiritual head of the Ismaili Muslims, is now seventy-five. His third marriage, to Yvette Labrousse, the present Begum, took place in 1944, after a divorce in 1943 from Andrée Carron.

TRYING OUT NEW RADIO EQUIPMENT FOR A BRITISH GLIDING TEAM: Mr. Geoffrey Stevenson, a member of the team which is to compete in the World Gliding Championships near Madrid in June, is seen operating the new radio-telephone equipment which the team is to use this year for the first time. This picture was taken at Lasham Airfield, Hants, where the British team was holding a final meeting, as guests of the Surrey Gliding Club, before leaving for Spain. The new radio equipment, which is being lent by Pye Limited, consists of the new 8-lb. Pye "Walkie-Phone," installed in each glider, and a Pye mobile telephone unit in each of the attendant cars. Before the introduction of this equipment communication between gliders and the ground was limited and this militated against success in international contests.

THE PRINCE OF THE NETHERLANDS TAKES A SPIN IN A HELICOPTER: Prince Bernhard, who is himself a skilled pilot, is seen (right) trying the controls of a Hornet jet helicopter during a brief flight while visiting the headquarters of the Hiller-Helicopter Corporation at Palo Alto, California. Beside him sits Stanley Hiller, Jnr., inventor and helicopter builder. The Hiller is a two-seat ram jet-driven helicopter. The ram jet units are attached to the extremities of the rotor blades. The rotor has to be spun up to 150 r.p.m. by auxiliary means before the ram jets can be started. This is done by a small 1-h.p. gasoline engine, which is started by a rip-cord. Queen Juliana and Prince Bernhard, perhaps the most air-minded Royal personages in the world to-day, have covered vast distances by air during their American tour. On their way out to California by air-liner they flew over some of the areas devastated by the Missouri floods, seeing in particular the battle round Omaha and Council Bluffs.

"THE TOUGHEST MAN ALIVE" ACTS AS HOST AT A LUNCHEON PARTY IN MADRID: Otto Skorzeny, the man whom Hitler chose to kidnap Mussolini and Admiral Horthy, seen as he entertained Herr Schacht (right foreground), the former Reichbank President, and Frau Schacht in the Horcher Hotel. Skorzeny has been in the forefront of the news of recent days with his articles relating wartime adventures. Stanley Moss, author of *Ill Met by Moonlight*, and himself a noted Commando leader, has replied to Skorzeny's boastful claims, indicating that Commando tactics were no essentially German conception—rather the reverse. Skorzeny himself, Moss refers to as a blaguer. "Hearing him speak to-day," says Mr. Moss, "one must imagine that he and Hitler ran the war between them, whereas he was summoned to Hitler only very occasionally."

THE MARRIAGE OF RUDOLF FRIML: The Czech-born composer (right) and his thirty-nine-year-old secretary, Kay Ling, receiving congratulations after being united in marriage by Phil S. Gibson, Chief Justice of the California Supreme Court, in San Francisco. The surprise ceremony was performed in the Judge's chambers. This was Friml's fourth marriage, and his wife's first. Rudolf Friml was born in Prague in 1884, and went to America in 1904 on a concert tour. In the years that followed he composed and published several thousand piano, violin, 'cello and organ compositions, and among his many musical comedies and operettas are *Katinka*, *Rose Marie* and *Vagabond King*. Of recent years Friml has lived in Hollywood.

KATE KENNEDY DAY AT ST. ANDREWS UNIVERSITY: Hugh Hunter, of Arbroath, playing the part of Kate, and Mr. J. R. Chalmers, playing the part of Bishop Kennedy, as they passed through the town of St. Andrews in the annual procession. The Kate Kennedy tradition at St. Andrews dates back to the fifteenth century, when James Kennedy, Bishop of St. Andrews, was a power both as a churchman and a politician. The procession takes a familiar form from year to year, and leading it is St. Andrew bearing his cross. Various halts are made during the tour of the town, one of them being at the Town Hall, for a reception, and another at the home of Sir James Irvine, the Principal.

LEONARDO'S SELF-PORTRAIT

DISCOVERED AMONG THE PORTRAITS OF THE APOSTLES DURING LORENZO FERRI'S STUDY OF THE "LAST SUPPER"

When Leonardo was painting the "Last Supper" in the Refectory of S. Maria delle Grazie, a task which he accomplished in the 1490's, between the time when he gave up and resumed the decoration of Milan Castle, he was much preoccupied in finding models.

The conception of this great picture had been germinating in his mind for years, and it is known that during the time of his residence in Florence, Leonardo made certain studies of the figure of Christ.

Leonardo certainly took his time over his work in the Refectory. It was said that he would spend hours in silent contemplation before the picture but without touching it. At other times he would hurriedly enter the building, take up his brush, add a touch to one of the figures and then go away. The Prior complained about these delays to Ludovico Sforza. When Leonardo heard of this he replied that he had not succeeded in finding a suitable model for Judas Iscariot, but if none other was forthcoming he would select the Prior for that role.

Apparently the question of models was eventually solved by the meticulous Leonardo except in one case, and that was the other Judas, the Apostle Thaddeus. Leonardo, it seems, decided eventually that he himself would be the model, and according to Lorenzo Ferri, the Roman sculptor and painter who has spent years studying the great work, there is little doubt that the figure standing second from right in the "Last Supper" is indeed a self-portrait.

This representation of Thaddeus beyond doubt bears a marked resemblance to Leonardo's self-portrait in the Uffizi Gallery in Florence, and even more so to a self-portrait in red chalk made when the artist was old.

Ferri made his discovery shortly after the completion of his reconstruction of the "Last Supper" for the Cathedral of Benghazi, and up to date no art critics have come forward to refute the suggestion.

On this page are shown some of the studies which Signor Ferri has made as a result of his painstaking examination of the original work—a work which has now sadly deteriorated, so much so that many of the figures are unrecognisable. Leonardo's masterpiece began to deteriorate in his own lifetime. Had the artist followed the traditional practice of painting his mural in *fresco*—i.e., on the wet, limed surface of the plaster, and applied the finishing touches in *tempera*—i.e., mixing the colours with yolk of egg—the calamity might have been averted.

To-day the "Last Supper" is a pale but beautiful ghost, and we have to turn to the copy by Leonardo's pupil, Marco D'Oggiono, which is the property of the Royal Academy, to obtain some idea of the supreme merit of the original. Leonardo's intentions can be seen, fortunately for posterity, in the magnificent series of studies for the heads of the Apostles which form part of the Royal loan to the Burlington House Exhibition.

In London this Quincentenary Exhibition in honour of Leonardo has been attracting great attention of recent weeks, and visitors have been given an opportunity of studying some of the artist's famous Windsor drawings, which the Queen has lent from her collection. Leonardo's work as an anatomist, as a scientist and as an engineer are also reflected in this remarkable exhibition.

AMONG THESE SIX FACES OF THE APOSTLES, RECONSTRUCTED FROM THE TIME-RUINED ORIGINAL OF LEONARDO DA VINCI'S "LAST SUPPER," IS THE FACE OF THADDEUS (BOTTOM ROW, CENTRE), WHICH LORENZO FERRI DECLARES IS A SELF-PORTRAIT OF LEONARDO: Ferri has spent years studying the great work in Milan, and he has completed a reconstruction of it for the Cathedral of Benghazi. It was soon after finishing this work that he became convinced regarding the self-portrait. The other Apostles are, left to right, top row, James the Elder, Thomas and Phillip; Matthew (bottom left) and Simon (bottom right).

SIX MORE PORTRAITS OF THE APOSTLES, RECONSTRUCTED BY LORENZO FERRI FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING OF THE "LAST SUPPER": Left to right, top row—Bartholomew, James the Younger, and Andrew. Bottom row, left to right—John, Peter and Judas. Reconstructing these portraits has been an immense labour, so faded are the lines of Leonardo's original painting.

On left—

LORENZO FERRI STANDING BESIDE HIS RECONSTRUCTION OF THE "LAST SUPPER": The figure dominating the background is that of Thaddeus, which Signor Ferri is certain is a self-portrait of Leonardo. Many reproductions of the "Last Supper" have shown Thaddeus in conversation with the Apostles, Matthew and Simon, but Lorenzo Ferri shows him engrossed with his own thoughts.

THE HEAD OF CHRIST: This is Lorenzo Ferri's reconstruction from the "Last Supper." Leonardo spent months finding suitable models for his great work, and it was this more than anything else that caused the long delay in its completion.

THE WRECKED DORMITORY AT NEW JERSEY STATE PRISON FARM AFTER THE 230 MUTINEERS HAD LEFT WITH THEIR NINE HOSTAGES AND BARRICADED THEMSELVES ON THE FLOOR ABOVE: It was only after five days' resistance that the convicts of Rahway surrendered after receiving a promise that they would get no physical punishment if their warder hostages were unharmed. The resistance was finally broken through lack of food and water. When the hostages were released, the men filed out of their barricaded dormitory and were locked in the cells. The Rahway mutiny was the fourth in less than a month in American prisons, and was followed almost immediately by a fifth and even more serious outbreak at Jackson Gaol, South Michigan, which is said to be the biggest prison in the world. At Jackson the convicts, armed with meat choppers, knives, razors and clubs, captured twelve prison guards and held them as hostages. They then moved from one cell block to another, wrecking everything possible. Within a few hours the Jackson convicts were in control of half the prison, which has 6,500 inmates. After they had set alight the prison library, chapel and laundry the convicts engaged in hand-to-hand battles with State troopers and guards, one prisoner being killed and seven wounded. Reinforcements were rushed to the prison from other parts of Michigan, and the battle finally centred on the disciplinary cell block, where some of the mutineers locked themselves in with their twelve hostages. One reason for the unrest in United States prisons is said to be overcrowding, but the Medical Correctional Association, an organisation of doctors, psychologists and social workers, attributes it to "poor management."

RAHWAY PRISONERS SEND MESSAGES TO THE OUTSIDE WORLD: These signs, made from bedsheets, were hung from the dormitory where 230 mutineers of Rahway, the New Jersey State Prison, had barricaded themselves in with their hostages. The "Osborne" sign refers to the Osborne Society, which represents prisoners and helps to rehabilitate them when they are released.

THE GAOL MUTINIES IN MICHIGAN AND NEW JERSEY

Serious Outbreaks at Jackson, South Michigan, and Rahway, New Jersey, an Outcome of Overcrowding and Poor Management

THE CONVICTS MEET THE PRESS: *Right*—Earl Ward and John Crockard, two of the mutineers at Jackson Gaol, South Michigan, talking to reporters about prison conditions. Ward, the leader of the Jackson outbreak, is seen in the picture *on the left* emerging for his first parley with the Press, holding a knife in the back of one of his warder hostages. After the mutiny had been going on for three days the convicts very nearly captured the prison armoury, but were beaten back in the nick of time. With these weapons in their possession the mutineers might have tried to fight their way out. On the fifth day the rioting ended with victory for Earl Ward and his mutineers, all of whose demands are to be met. The mutineers were given a steak and ice-cream dinner.

THE GREAT BUBBLE-FLOAT CONTROVERSY

A Celebrated Welsh Fisherman has Stirred the Angling World by Adopting a Most Unorthodox Method of Fly-Fishing

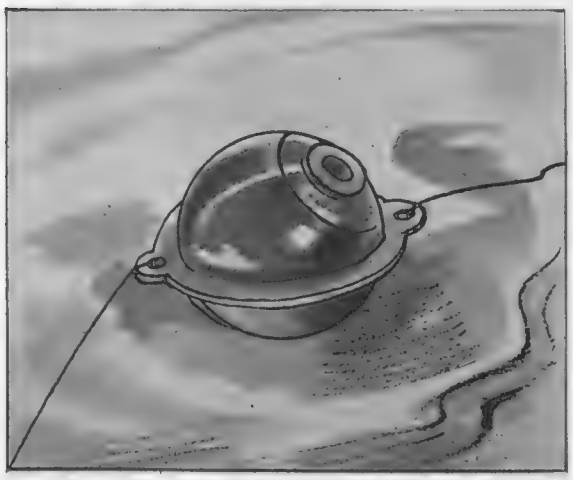
By BRIAN VESEY-FITZGERALD

THESE are stirring times in the angling world. Mr. Jack Hughes Parry has been fishing with a bubble-float. That may not seem to you a matter of outstanding importance. It is even possible that you have never heard of Jack Hughes Parry. Even if you are a fisherman, but not a fly-fisherman, it may seem to you that in these days of heavily-polluted rivers, over-netting, dynamiting, electrical fishing, and what not, this is not a matter of vast importance. But there cannot be the slightest doubt that the action of this elderly Welshman has shaken the angling world, or at least that section of it which indulges in fly-fishing, to its foundations.

Mr. Hughes Parry, of Llangollen-fechan, is one of the great anglers of the age. Like all the truly great anglers, he is a very close observer of the ways of salmon and trout. It is as a salmon-fisher that he has gained fame, and there are times when it seems to his less-gifted acquaintances that he thinks just like a salmon. More than once I have been told by envious fishermen that he can catch fish in the Dee when they will not so much as move for anybody else. Indeed, he is regarded as something of a wizard on the Welsh Dee. And when it comes to lake fishing for trout he seems to bring his wizardry with him. And it is this man, this supremely great angler, whose name is probably known to salmon fishermen all over the world, it is this man who has been fishing with a bubble-float, and—oh, horrors!—writing about the method with pride.

The reactions of the fly-fishing community resemble the reactions of any aristocracy when the news of revolution is first broken to them. Anger, undoubtedly; outraged indignation, undoubtedly; and, could it be, just a touch of panic? At any rate, it has already been suggested in all seriousness that the bubble-float should be banned on club waters, and, if it cannot be banned everywhere, then its use elsewhere should be restricted.

The reasons for desiring this drastic course of action seem to be very varied, but most of them boil down to the opinion that using a bubble-float makes it all too easy and that far too many fish will be caught and all the fishing ruined. One or two people also seem to think that it is an unsporting method of catching fish. Of course, every new method of angling for fish is open to this charge; that it makes it all too easy. I suspect that old Izaak Walton had to put up with some very back-handed compliments on his new-fangled ideas. Another supremely great fisherman, the late G. E. M. Skues, the inventor of nymph-fishing for trout, made himself so unpopular—or perhaps it would be more true to say that he thought he had made himself so unpopular—by his insistence on the right of anglers to use the nymph, that he felt himself compelled, when well over eighty years of age, to leave the Itchen, which he had fished and loved since boyhood days at Winchester. Skues caught trout in the Itchen when nobody else could do so. He caught trout so consistently under all sorts of conditions that it came to be said that he fished the nymph almost to the exclusion of the dry-fly. And, because he was so successful in catching large fish when nobody else caught anything at all, nymph-fishing was branded as a most sinful method—and I have even heard it called unsporting. In point of fact, Skues fished the nymph very rarely. It was his skill, not the nymph, which was responsible for the death of so many trout. It was the less successful who complained so bitterly—and the controversy about the desirability of nymph-fishing on chalk-streams still rages fiercely every now and again on the Itchen and the Test.



THE BUBBLE-FLOAT IN USE: It is a hollow plastic ball which may be weighted with water inserted through the little cap. Mr. Jack Hughes Parry, the celebrated Welsh angler, has been using the bubble-float for dry-fly fishing, maintaining that the new method makes casting a far less tiring business.

The curious thing about the bubble-float is that it is not new. It must be nearly three years since I first saw it used on an English stream, and it is older than that in France. The fuss has come with the use of the method by a great fisherman. So long as a few ordinary folk used it nobody seems to have minded. And when Mr. Wanless advocates what he terms a "controller" for his threadline fishing, nobody seems to have objected. It is true that Mr. Wanless's controller is not a bubble-float, but the method is just the same.

What the bubble-float amounts to is this: that you fish a dry-fly by means of casting with a plastic ball. Mr. Hughes Parry uses a light and whippy 8-ft. spinning-rod, weighing 5 oz. and no stiffer than an ordinary dry-fly rod, and a cross-wind Felton reel. (He says that any kind of free-running spinning-reel will do.) The plastic balls, the "bubbles," have a

MR. HUGHES PARRY, OF LLANGOLLEN-FECHAN, WITH A MAGNIFICENT CATCH: Mr. Parry, who has so aroused the angling purists by his use of the bubble-float, is seen in this picture, taken in 1935, with a fine 42-lb. salmon he had just caught on incredibly light tackle.

small hole covered with a cap. You lift this, pour in as much water as you want, and then let the cap drop: you now have a weighted float, and you can adjust the weight just as much as you wish by adding more water or getting rid of some. That is a very brief, and non-technical, description of a bubble-float.

Mr. Hughes Parry maintains that with a bubble-float casting is made much easier. (This must be so, for there is a concentration of weight at one point.) And this, for him, is a great point in its favour. Mr. Hughes Parry is now over seventy-five years old, and with the bubble-float he can go on casting all day without getting over-tired. That would be quite impossible with an ordinary fly line. It would seem, therefore, that this method will be of the greatest help to elderly fishermen and to those who suffer from some physical handicap; one-armed anglers, for example.

I am not at all convinced, however, that it makes fishing any easier. Undoubtedly it makes casting easier, but that is not quite the same thing. If casting is the supreme art of fly-fishing, then there is really no need to go to the water at all. Put a saucer down on the lawn at whatever distance you think worthy of your skill as a fisherman and cast your fly into that. But if you want to catch fish (and most fishermen still want to do that), then I shall want a deal of proof before I shall believe that these little plastic balls make much, if any, difference. On an absolutely placid lake on an absolutely still day, perhaps (and you get days like that once in a blue moon in England); but in running water, I believe that the use of the bubble requires an even greater skill, and I should have said very much better eyesight, for without it you will find yourself following natural bubbles instead of the little plastic ball.

Obviously, the method is open to abuse. You can put two or three flies on droppers of different lengths—and this appears to have been done in America—and then you will have something like an "otter." It is illegal to use an "otter" in this country, and comparatively few anglers deliberately break the law. Those that do will do so, bubble-floats or no. But if you want to use an "otter" I suspect that you will find the good, old-fashioned ones a good deal better than this.

A number of anglers condemn the bubble-float as being unsporting. I must confess that I do not understand what this means. I have never been able to understand it. If it is "unsporting" because it is easy, then the most difficult is presumably the most sporting. The most difficult method I know of catching trout is "guddling" (better known, perhaps, as tickling), and I have not the slightest hesitation in saying that it is quite the most sporting of all the methods of fishing known to me. We hear quite a lot about giving this creature and that "a sporting chance." When you set out to guddle a trout you are pitting your wits against his: you have got to know a great deal about the habits of trout, and especially about the habits of trout in that particular stretch of water: you have got to know the best "lies" and you have got to be able to approach those lies very closely without disturbing the fish; you have got to get your hand into the water without disturbing him; you have got to touch him without disturbing him; to move your hand so gently up his body that, so far from being disturbed, he settles into your palm; and then you have got to move so quickly that that fish, accustomed to moving very much more quickly as a matter of course, is taken by surprise. If you think that it is easy, go out and practise on the lethargic goldfish in your garden pool. You will, I think, rapidly come to the conclusion that guddling is the most sporting of all methods of fishing, for the odds are very definitely on the side of the fish. He has all the sporting chance in the world. But you will certainly get into trouble if you are caught guddling trout.

That may be a far-fetched example, but it should be sufficient to show that the sporting aspect has nothing whatever to do with it. The real objection seems to be that it is too easy. And this objection comes, it is clear, from those who have not fished the bubble-float. And they would probably have ignored it altogether had not a famous fisherman taken it up. In any case, if difficult fishing is wanted, then give up trout-fishing and take to a roach pole.

Every new method of fishing meets this reception, it seems to me, from the dry-fly purists. There are those who maintain that the delicate casting of a fly is the be-all and end-all of fly-fishing, that the catching of fish is really a secondary consideration. To the dry-fly purist the name of Skues became as a red rag to a bull because of his nymph-fishing. Jack Hughes Parry seems likely to occupy the position once occupied by Skues, with his bubble-float, even though he did not invent the thing (it seems to have been a French invention) and was not even the first man in this country to use it. To the purist the bubble-float must be anathema.

I was, I confess, brought up in a different, and harder, school. I believe that the object of fishing is to catch fish. If the great thing about fishing for sport is just fishing for sport, with the catching of fish important but not absolutely essential, then I recommend guddling, and would even suggest the banning of the dry-fly, so as to give the fish an even better chance. (In any case, fly-fishing for dace is much more difficult.) But I do not think that. I believe that the object of fishing is to catch fish, and that the supreme art of fishing lies in the taking of the fish on the very lightest possible tackle in the very shortest possible time. I cannot believe that the bubble-float will make the actual catching of the fish any the easier, though I do not know that I should mind if it did!

Reading the literature of angling, you must be forced to the conclusion that anglers are the nicest, friendliest body of men you could wish to meet; that there is nothing that they like better than doing a fellow-angler a good turn, showing him where the best fish lie, recommending the best fly, and so forth. I must confess that in a fairly long experience, I have not found anglers, except for a definite tendency towards romancing, to differ much from other sportsmen. They are just as competitive, just as secretive, and just as jealous. And here, surely, is some evidence of that. There is no reason whatever why anyone who disapproves of the bubble-float should use it. But why ban a method, which is obviously going to give added pleasure to the elderly and to the physically handicapped, simply because it does not happen to fit the purist's definition of dry-fly fishing, simply because a few (perhaps not very good fishermen) are afraid that it may help others to catch more? For that is really what it comes to.

I have no experience of bubble-float fishing. But I should think that I have tried every other legitimate (and one or two of the other sort) methods of catching trout. I have been told that on such-and-such a water the maggot is deadly. The information is available to one and all, and everybody makes use of it. There are just as many fish in the water as ever. I have been given information of this kind for more years than I care to remember. So, I suspect, has everybody else. The fish are still there to be caught, if you are angler enough. I fancy that the bubble-float will join the serried ranks of "certain killers," and that the numbers of fish will remain about the same.

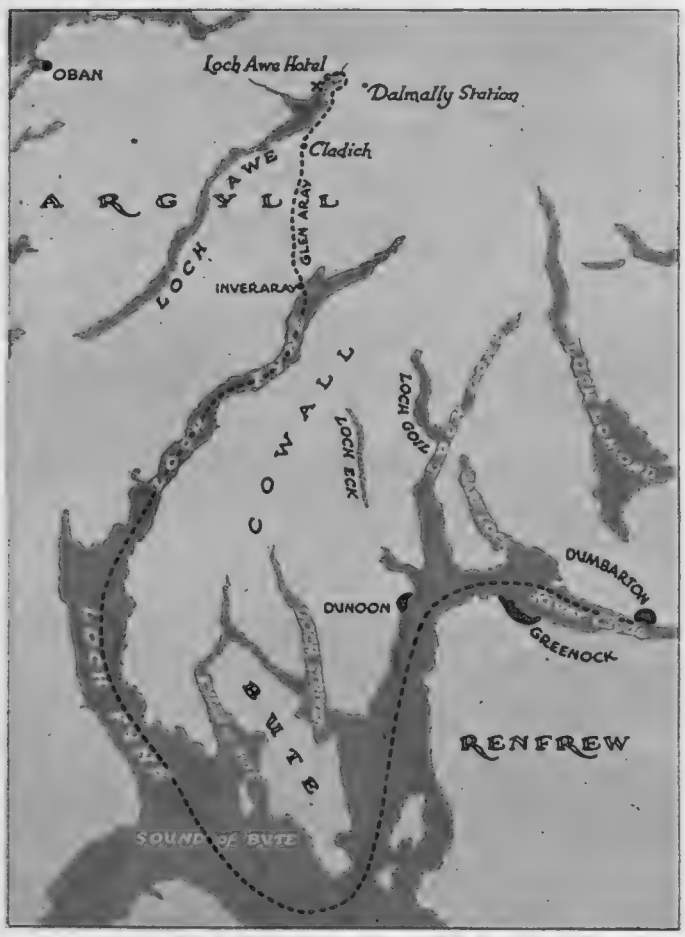
Still, still . . . Hope springs eternal. I think I shall buy some bubble-floats to-morrow.

IT TOOK THE ENGINEERS FOUR HOURS TO MOVE THE HULL OF THE PLEASURE STEAMER "COUNTESS OF BREADALBANE" FROM THE LANDLOCKED WATERS OF LOCH AWE, ACROSS THE RAILWAY AND ON TO THE MAIN ROAD: Once this task had been completed the 96-ton hull was hauled by road eastwards to Dalmally and then south across the mountains to Inveraray, where, on an improvised slipway, it was relaunched into the waters of Loch Fyne preparatory to being towed to Dumbarton, on the Clyde, for overhaul. The story of the memorable journey is shown in the series of pictures on this and the following pages. After refitting at the Dumbarton yard of her builders, William Denny and Brothers, the *Countess of Breadalbane* will be used on charter work on the Clyde. For the past fifteen years she has carried thousands of passengers on pleasure trips on the waters of landlocked Loch Awe.

A 96-TON STEAMER'S LAND VOYAGE

THE BRITISH RAILWAYS STEAMER "COUNTESS OF BREADALBANE" JOURNEYS ACROSS THE MOUNTAINS FROM LOCH AWE TO INVERARAY, AND IS THERE RELAUNCHED

"COUNTESS OF BREADALBANE" REACHES THE MAIN ROAD AFTER BEING PULLED FROM THE WATERS OF LOCH AWE: This was a 1 in 7 gradient and the vessel had to be moved on her bogies only a few feet at a time. Once on the main road, progress was rather more rapid.



THE ROUTE FROM LOCH AWE TO THE CLYDE TAKEN BY THE "COUNTESS OF BREADALBANE": She was removed from the northern end of Loch Awe, not far from Dalmally Station. Two 104-h.p. tractors then drew the vessel on bogies 17 miles overland to Inveraray at speeds up to 5 m.p.h. along the winding, unfenced road. At high water the hull was relaunched from the slipway at Inveraray, and then followed the journey to Dumbarton via the Sound of Bute. Six bridges had to be strengthened on the land route, and several trees had to be cut to give clearance.

THE STEAMER "COUNTESS OF BREADALBANE" GAINS THE ROADWAY AFT BEING HAULED FROM THE WATERS OF LOCH AWE: The 96-ton vessel sea at the start of the 17-mile overland journey from landlocked Loch Aw to Loch Fyne, where she was relaunched and towed to Dumbarto *On left*—A close-up of the scene as the hull was gradually shifted on t the roadway after being brought a distance of 30 yards from the loc

A 96-TON STEAMER'S LAND VOYAGE

(*Continued from previous page*)

BOWLING ALONG THE ROAD AT THE HEAD OF LOCH AWE AT A SPEED OF 2 M.P.H.: The *Countess of Breadalbane* at the start of the journey. The two 104-h.p. tracto are seen hauling the vessel stern-first along the unfenced road beside the loch, where for the past fifteen years she has plied as a pleasure steamer. The Count *of Breadalbane* was built in Dumbarton and originally taken to Loch Awe in sections for assembly.

For fifteen years the good ship *Countess of Breadalbane* has plied upon the land-locked waters of Loch Awe, that glistening stretch of water standing nearly 120 ft. above sea-level and extending for about 23 miles north-eastward beneath the shadow of towering and rugged mountains typical of the Argyllshire scene.

How the massive ship originally got into Loch Awe often mystified visitors until it was explained that, built at Dumbarton, by Messrs. William Denny Brothers, she was conveyed piece by piece to the loch and reassembled there.

When British Railways decided recently that they wanted to move their vessel to the Clyde for refitting and for chartering in the estuary, they came to the conclusion that the best way to achieve the feat was to remove the superstructure of the *Countess* and to send the great hull by road across the mountains to Inveraray, there to relaunch her prior to towing operations.

How this feat has been achieved is shown in the series of pictures on these pages. The *Countess of Breadalbane*, which weighs 96 tons, is 97 ft. long and 18 ft. 6 ins. high, responded well to the efforts of the engineers, and the whole delicate operation went without a serious hitch.

First came the task of removal from the headwaters of Loch Awe. The obvious place to take the boat out of the water was just below the main road running from Dalmally to the Pass of Brander. Here the *Countess of Breadalbane* was lifted on to bogies and gradually eased up the 1 in 7 gradient to the roadway, with the aid of power winches, each with a pulling power of 80 tons. The distance was only 30 yards, but it necessitated crossing the railway line between Dalmally and Oban. This part of the manœuvre was the slowest of all, and the engineers must have breathed a sigh of relief when they finally "made" the roadway. More than once it seemed that the bogies were going to twist under the mighty load.

Phase two of the operation was easier and speedi and the *Countess of Breadalbane*, drawn by two 104-h tractors, the gentle giants of Pickfords fleet, journeyed a stately 2 m.p.h. down the road towards Dalmally. T only fear was that the convoy might have difficulty the sharp bends at the north-eastern end of the la where the road turns near historic Kilchurn Castle.

Everything, however, had been done to speed t *Countess* on her way. Trees had been cut down, brid had been strengthened, and all obstructions remove thus giving a 200-ft. clearance along the unfenc road. Fore and aft of the hull, police maintained ra contact with patrols, and as the hours went by it w found possible to increase the speed until the *Counte of Breadalbane* was bowling down Glen Aray at fi miles per hour.

The journey down Glen Aray was indeed uneven ful. At 7 p.m. the massive hull was in the outskirts Inveraray. The haulage experts decided not to bri

PASSING THE LOCH AWE HOTEL: This was a rather tricky stage of the journey, but the two powerful tractors were able to hold the vessel on the upward gradient without undue difficulty. Only three ropes were required to secure the hull on the two sets of bogies.

NEARING THE GOAL OF THE JOURNEY: The *Countess of Breadalbane* on the long hill leading into the town of Inveraray. The haul, which began at 6.50 a.m., was completed shortly after 7 p.m. The actual road journey started at 11 a.m., and progress was at first 2 m.p.h., afterwards speeding up to 5 m.p.h. Cameras recorded the journey both for television and newsreel services. Fore and aft of the hull the police maintained radio contact with patrols throughout the trip.

WAITING FOR HIGH TIDE ON LOCH FYNE: The *Countess of Breadalbane* seen after the journey from Loch Awe and before being launched into the sea-water loch.

the hull through the medieval arches of the ancient county town, parking it instead some 300 to 400 yards inside the Argyll estate, near Inveraray Castle, home of the Duke of Argyll.

On the following day, with many of the townspeople looking on, the *Countess of Breadalbane* was put in position at the foot of an improvised slipway near Inveraray Pier and she was launched at high water.

EIGHT MILES FROM INVERARAY, THE ROAD WINDS DOWNHILL THROUGH GLEN ARAY TO THE SEA LOCH, WHERE THE PLEASURE STEAMER WAS RELAUNCHED FOR THE JOURNEY TO THE CLYDE: Rising on the hill behind is the monument to Neil Munro, the distinguished Scottish poet. Munro was born at Inveraray in 1864, and first attracted attention by his stories, *The Lost Pibroch*, which were published in 1896.

IT TOOK THIRTY MEN WORKING WITH TRACTOR AND WINCH OVER TWO HOURS TO MANŒUVRE THE HULL THROUGH THE STREETS OF INVERARAY TO THE IMPROVISED SLIPWAY ON THE SHORES OF LOCH FYNE: After the journey by road from Loch Awe the hull had lain overnight on the Duke of Argyll's estate. The slipway at Inveraray was constructed with 6-cwt. steel plates laid out into Loch Fyne over a distance of 250 ft., this task being accomplished at high water. The subsequent tow to Dumbarton via the Sound of Bute and the Firth of Clyde proceeded without incident.

200 YEARS AFTER THE APPIN MURDER

The Bicentenary of an Historic Case which Still Arouses the Keenest Controversy Throughout Scotland

HERE FELL A VICTIM OF CLAN HATRED: *Left*—"Executed on this spot November 8, 1752, for a crime of which he was not guilty," reads part of the inscription on this monument erected by the Stewart Society on a knoll overlooking the ferry at Ballachulish, Argyll, to James Stewart of Glenduror—James of the Glens. Stewart was wrongfully hanged for the murder of Campbell of Glenure, who was shot on May 14, 1752. *Right*—Ben Vair, the Hill of the Dragon, where the murder took place. It rises above Loch Leven. Campbell of Glenure, known as "the Red Fox," was murdered when he was about to carry out the eviction of tenants on the Stewart estates of Duror in Appin. He was the factor for the forfeited Jacobite estates, whose owners were exiled after 1745.

THE FARMHOUSE OF ACHARN, IN NORTH ARGYLL, WHERE JAMES OF THE GLENS WAS LIVING AT THE TIME OF THE APPIN MURDER: The murder took place in the summer of 1752, but the identity of the man who killed Colin Campbell, factor of the confiscated estates of the local Jacobite chiefs, has never been divulged. It was through this district that David Balfour and his friend Alan Breck made their famous flight through the heather in Robert Louis Stevenson's novel *Kidnapped*, which contains a vivid account of the Appin murder.

BALLACHULISH HOUSE, ARGYLL, ITS LINK WITH TWO SOMBRE EVENTS IN SCOTTISH HISTORY: It was at Ballachulish House that the order was signed that brought about the massacre of the Glencoe Macdonalds, and it is no less closely connected with the Appin murder in 1752. It was in a room at Ballachulish House that an unknown man was tied down with ropes to prevent him from confessing his guilt on that November day when Stewart of Glenduror was wrongfully hanged.

THE OLD COURTHOUSE AT INVERARAY, ARGYLLSHIRE, WHERE JAMES OF THE GLENS WAS TRIED AND CONDEMNED TO DEATH FOR THE APPIN MURDER.

Who shot Colin Campbell of Glenure, Government factor for the forfeited Jacobite estates of Ardsheal, Callart and Mamore, as he rode through the wood of Lettermore on the southern shores of Loche Linnhe, Argyllshire, on May 14, 1752?

This mysterious and revengeful deed, which caused almost as much clan animosity and suspicion as the massacre of the Macdonalds in neighbouring Glencoe sixty years before, has become renowned far beyond the bounds of the Scottish Highlands through the writings of Robert Louis Stevenson, who made the Appin murder the dramatic theme of *Kidnapped*.

It was James Stewart of Acharn in Duror of Appin—known as "Seumas a' Ghlinne" ("James of the Glens"), whom they hanged on the gibbet at Cnap-a-Chaolis overlooking the ferry at Ballachulish on November 8 of that year. Stewart, the natural brother of the exiled chief of Ardsheal, who had led the Appin clan at Culloden, died the victim of clan hatred, innocent of the crime for which he was wrongfully condemned.

It is said, on that stormy autumn day when James Stewart was led to his death on the gallows hill, a man lay bound with ropes in a house close by lest he should confess his guilt for the murder of Glenure.

In a province where tradition is a religion and memories are long, the name of the man who shot Colin Roy, the "Red Fox," on the Duror road remains to this day a loyally-kept secret—a secret that even Stevenson himself could not solve.

And so after two centuries have passed there are many who still ask, "Who fired the shot that killed Colin Campbell?"

Stevenson's chapter in *Kidnapped*, "The Death of the Red Fox," is characteristic of his dramatic power.

"'And what seek ye in Aucharn?' said Colin Roy Campbell of Glenure; 'him they called the Red Fox; for he it was that I had stopped,'" relates David Balfour, the hero of *Kidnapped*.

"'The man that lives there,' said I.

"'James of the Glens,' says Glenure, musingly; and then to the lawyer: 'Is he gathering his people, think ye?'

"'Anyway,' says the lawyer, 'we shall do better to bide where we are and let the soldiers rally us.'

"'If you are concerned for me,' said I, 'I am neither of his people nor yours, but an honest subject of King George, owing no man and fearing no man.'

"'Why, very well said,' replies the Factor. 'But if I may make so bold as ask, what does this honest man so far from his country? And why does he come seeking the brother of Ardshiel? I have power here, I must tell you. I am King's Factor upon several of these estates, and have twelve files of soldiers at my back.'

"'I have heard a waif word in the country,' said I, a little nettled, 'that you were a hard man to drive.'

"He still kept looking at me, as if in doubt.

"'Well,' said he, at last, 'your tongue is bold; but I am no unfriend to plainness. If ye had asked me the way to the door of James Stewart on any other day but this, I would have set ye right and bidden ye God speed. But to-day—eh, Mungo?' And he turned again to look at the lawyer.

"But just as he turned there came the shot of a firelock from higher up the hill; and with the very sound of it, Glenure fell upon the road.

"'Oh, I am dead!' he cried, several times over.

"The lawyer had caught him up and held him in his arms, the servant standing over him and clasping his hands. And now the wounded man looked from one to another with scared eyes, and there was a change in his voice that went to the heart.

"'Take care of yourselves,' says he. 'I am dead.'

"He tried to open his clothes as if to look for the wound, but his fingers slipped on the buttons. With that he gave a great sigh, his head rolled on his shoulder, and he passed away.

"The lawyer said never a word, but his face was as sharp as a pen and as white as the dead man's; the servant broke out into a great noise of crying and weeping, like a child; and I, on my side, stood staring at them in a kind of horror. The sheriff's officer had run back at the first sound of the shot, to hasten the coming of the soldiers.

"At last the lawyer laid down the dead man in his blood upon the road, and got to his own feet with a kind of stagger.

"I believe it was his movement that brought me to my senses; for he had no sooner done so than I began to scramble up the hill, crying out, 'The murderer! The murderer!'"

WALKING THROUGH THE GROUNDS OF THE BADMINTON ESTATE: The Queen, who was accompanied by the Duke of Beaufort, as she walked out to see the Olympic Horse Trials, passed a considerable crowd which had gathered at the approaches to the Duke's home. This three-days visit to Badminton of the Queen, the Duke of Edinburgh and Princess Margaret was of a private nature, and they arranged to remain for all three days of the trials which are being held in preparation for the Olympic events at Helsinki later in the year. On the first day of the visit nine of the Olympic horses were put through their paces.

THE QUEEN VISITS BADMINTON

A PRIVATE VISIT TO THE WEST COUNTRY TO SEE THE OLYMPIC HORSE TRIALS

PRINCESS MARGARET AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH AT BADMINTON: They both followed the Queen and the Duke of Beaufort into the grounds to see the start of the Olympic Horse Trials. In the evening the Royal party visited the stables and found all the Olympic horses in first-rate condition. They then toured in a Land Rover the seventeen-mile cross-country course which the riders had to face on the second day.

LOOKING PAST ONE OF THE RESTORED PINNACLES OF THE VICTORIA TOWER OF THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT ACROSS THE ROOF-TOPS OF CENTRAL LONDON: The work of replacing and restoring defective stonework began in 1938, but was postponed during the war. The Victoria Tower is the highest of the three towers on the Houses of Parliament and reaches a height of 336 ft.

A WESTMINSTER PINNACLE RESTORED

REPAIRING THE VICTORIA TOWER OF THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT, A TASK WHICH WAS BEGUN IN 1938

The original building material of magnesium limestone from Anston, in Yorkshire, has not stood up to the test of time on the Houses of Parliament. The Victoria Tower has been in existence only about a century, but the deterioration is so marked that wholesale replacement of stonework has been necessary. The new stone which is being used is from the Clipsham quarries in Rutland. The repairs to the tower are still far from complete, and it is indeed unlikely that the Victoria Tower will be free of scaffolding until some time in 1957. When the tower has been completely clothed in scaffolding for the repair work, it is estimated that 350,000 ft. of metal tubing has been required.

ONE OF THE EARLY COFFEE-HOUSES OF LONDON, WHEN COFFEE-DRINKING REPRESENTED A CHALLENGE TO THE TAVERN KEEPERS: This reproduction from an early print in the Bodleian Library at Oxford, is of special interest as it is the only seventeenth-century picture of coffee-drinking actually taking place. This print is reproduced in Batsford's volume *Life and Work of People of England.*

THREE HUNDRED YEARS OF LONDON COFFEE-HOUSES

The Lord Mayor Commemorates the Tercentenary of an Event Which Created A New Fashion in the Metropolis, and Indeed Altered the Social History of England

NOTES By STEPHEN H. TWINING, and Drawings By T. R. FREEMAN

THE PLAQUE COMMEMORATING THE FIRST LONDON COFFEE-HOUSE: It was unveiled recently by the Lord Mayor of London, Sir Leslie Boyce, in St. Michael's Alley, Cornhill. The site is now occupied by the Jamaica Wine House.

A few weeks ago the Lord Mayor of London, Sir Leslie Boyce, unveiled a plaque in St. Michael's Alley, Cornhill, commemorating the tercentenary of the setting up of the first London coffee-house. Pasqua Rosee, a young Greek who came to London as the servant of a merchant, started the business in St. Michael's Alley in 1652 and his venture was so popular that within fifty years there were over 1,000 coffee-houses in London alone. In the years that followed, all the famous men of the day had their favourite coffee-houses. Steele, the founder-editor of The Tatler, *had four, and he used to write on a different type of subject in each. Lloyd's, the greatest insurance business in the world, began at a coffee-house where Edward Lloyd, the proprietor, prepared lists of ships he thought would interest the underwriters who met there. London's coffee-houses became centres of intellectual and artistic activity where the professional and leisured classes met freely to exchange ideas. "The history of coffee-houses . . .," said Disraeli, "was that of the manners, the morals and the politics of a people." The following article is based on notes by Stephen Twining, of the famous firm of coffee and tea merchants. It tells the history of the London coffee-houses and the part they have played in social history.*

LLOYD'S COFFEE-HOUSE IN 1763: At this time it had won its status in the world of big business, and there the great men of marine insurance forgathered to discuss the news.

The early history of coffee-drinking is clouded with the vapours of legend and myth. It began in the ninth century among the Muslims of the Middle East, who found in its value as a stimulant an agreeable substitute for the alcohol forbidden them by the Koran. Coffee became popular both as a beverage and a medicine, and it seems likely that it reached England during the first quarter of the seventeenth century.

England's first coffee-house was opened in 1650 at Oxford, where the dons and students soon became regular patrons. Soon afterwards, Daniel Edwards, a merchant, brought to London from Smyrna a quantity of coffee-berries and trained his Greek servant, Pasqua Rosee, to prepare and serve it. The drink became so popular among Edwards' friends in the City of London that in 1652 he helped Pasqua to set up a coffee-house in St. Michael's Alley—the first real coffee-house in London.

The fragrance of coffee-roasting and brewing brought rapid popularity for Pasqua's establishment, but alehouse and tavern keepers in the vicinity, fearing for their trade, petitioned against him to the Lord Mayor, claiming that the stranger was in the business sense of the term "no freeman" and had no right to carry on this trade. Edwards meanwhile had married the daughter of a certain Alderman Hodges, himself a coffee-drinker, and the two now came to Pasqua's aid by arranging for Bowman, a servant of the Alderman, to become a freeman and go into partnership with Pasqua. The partnership does not seem to have lasted long; Bowman set up a second coffee-house in competition near by, and Pasqua, never really competent to run the trade without the help of his English friends, soon disappeared.

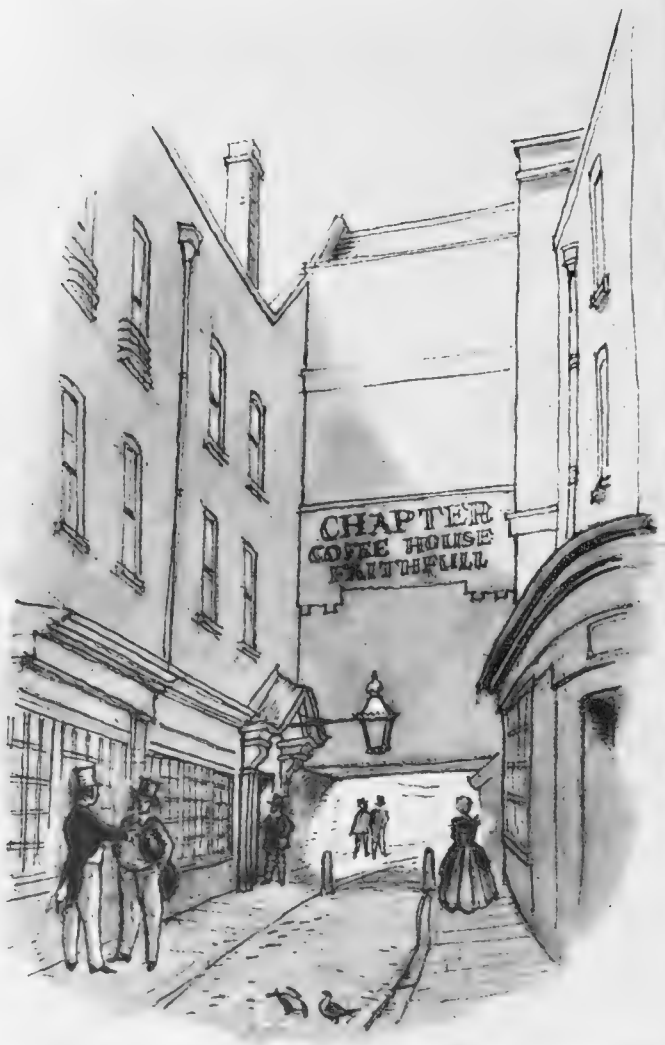
But the coffee-drinking habit had caught; other coffee-houses were opened and consumption was sufficiently large to produce a revenue for the Treasury. In 1660 an Act of Parliament laid a duty of 4d. on every gallon of coffee made and sold, "to be paid by the maker," and coffee was classed by the House of Commons with "other outlandish drinks." An Act in 1663 required all coffee-houses to be licensed under penalty of a fine of £5 for every month's violation of the law.

GARRAWAY'S COFFEE-HOUSE IN CHANGE ALLEY, LOMBARD STREET: Garraway's, one of the most popular of the coffee-houses, continued until 1866, when it was closed. Martin's Bank now occupies the site.

London's coffee-houses very soon became centres of social, cultural and political activity. Some of them were hotbeds of political intrique and scandalmongering, and in 1675 Charles II issued a proclamation for their suppression. There was at once a great outcry against this move, and so universal and intense was public indignation that the proclamation was withdrawn eleven days later.

Thereafter and until the decline which began late in the eighteenth century the coffee-houses

(Continued on following page)



THE OLD CHAPTER COFFEE-HOUSE IN PATERNOSTER ROW : Chatterton and Goldsmith were among the literary men and publishers who shared the Chapter with a political club. The building was pulled down during the Victorian spate of reconstruction.

THE INTERIOR OF A COFFEE-HOUSE IN CLEVELAND STREET, FITZROY SQUARE, FROM A PAINTING BY GEORGE SCHARF, 1824 : In most coffee-houses there was an entrance fee, or cover charge, as we would call it now, of a penny. Before entering a coffee-house everyone was recommended by *The Tatler* to prepare his body with three dishes of bohea and to purge his brains with two pinches of snuff.

THREE HUNDRED YEARS OF LONDON COFFEE-HOUSES

(*Continued from previous page*)

flourished. Daniel Defoe, in his *Journey through England*, 1714, gives the following account of their popularity:

"I am lodged in the street called Pall Mall, the ordinary residence of all strangers, because of its vicinity to the Queen's Palace, the Park, the Parliament House, the theatres and the chocolate or coffee houses where the best company frequent. If you would know our manner of living, 'tis thus: We rise by nine, and those that frequent men's levées find entertainment at them till eleven, or, as in Holland, go to tea-tables. About twelve the *beau monde* assemble in several coffee or chocolate houses; the best of which are the Cocoa Tree and White's Chocolate-houses, St. James's, The Smyrna, Mrs. Rochford's and the British Coffee-houses; and all these so near one another, that in less than an hour you see the company of them all. We are carried to these places in chairs (or sedans) which are here very cheap, a guinea a week, or a shilling per hour, and your chairmen serve you for porters to run on errands, as your gondoliers do at Venice.

"If it be fine weather, we take a turn into the Park till two, when we go to dinner; and if it be dirty, you are entertained at picquet or basset at White's, or you may go and talk politics at the Smyrna or St. James's.

"I must not forget to tell you that the parties have their different places, where, however, a stranger is always well received, but a Whig will no more go to the Cocoa-Tree, than a Tory will be seen at the coffee-house St. James's.

"The Scots go generally to the British, and a mixture of all sorts to the Smyrna. There are other little Coffee-houses much frequented in this neighbourhood—Young Man's for officers; Old Man's for stockjobbers, paymasters & courtiers, and Little Man's for sharpers. . . .

"At two we generally go to dinner; ordinaries are not so common here as abroad, yet the French have set up two or three good ones for the convenience of foreigners in Suffolk Street, where one is tolerably well served, but the general way here is to make a party at the coffee-house to go to dine at the tavern, where we sit till six, when we go to the play; except you are invited to the table of some great man which strangers are always courted to and nobly entertained."

It is said that by 1683 there were over 2,000 coffee-houses in London alone. There was usually a "cover charge" of a penny and the coffee was sold at twopence a dish. Incidentally, the word "tip" is reputed to have originated in coffee-houses. Nailed to the walls were boxes into which the patron who required especially good or rapid service would put money. Each box bore the words "To insure promptness," the initials spelling T.I.P.

There were now numerous coffee-houses around Cornhill. In St. Michael's Alley were the Virginia, the Senegal and the Jamaica, which was much frequented by the West India traders.

Garraway's, in Exchange Alley, was started in 1657 by Thomas Garway. It was the resort of rich merchants; drugs, timber and wine were sold by candlelight in the large sale-rooms. The building was destroyed by the Great Fire in 1666 and again in 1748. It was finally closed in 1866.

In the same alley were Jonathan's, where the Stock Exchange originated, Sam's, Baker's and the Turk's Head.

TOM'S COFFEE-HOUSE, IN GREAT RUSSELL STREET, COVENT GARDEN : Named after Captain Thomas West, the first landlord, Tom's was a favourite political resort in the eighteenth century and became celebrated for its fashionable gatherings after the theatre.

OLD SLAUGHTER'S, THE HAUNT OF HOGARTH AND GAINSBOROUGH : Thomas Slaughter established this coffee-house at St. Martin's Lane in 1692 and it was famous for its gatherings of artists, sculptors and scholars. It became known as Old Slaughter's when another coffee-house bearing the same name was opened near by.

Lloyd's the underwriters originated with Edward Lloyd, who started a coffee-house about 1688 in Tower Street and later moved to Lombard Street. His establishment was a modest place of refreshment for seafarers, merchants and underwriters, and for their convenience he prepared "ships' lists." Edward Lloyd died in 1712, and subsequently the coffee-house was in Pope's Head Alley, where it was called New Lloyd's Coffee-house, and in 1784 it was moved again, this time to the north-west corner of the Royal Exchange, where it remained until the partial destruction of that building by fire.

The Chapter Coffee-house in Paternoster Row was a meeting-place for booksellers. In Fleet Street and around the Temple there were Nando's, Dick's and Peele's (now Peele's Hotel), which was one of Dr. Johnson's resorts. There was also the Rainbow, opposite Chancery Lane, which claimed to have been opened as the second London coffee-house in 1657. The Rainbow Tavern now occupies the site.

There were three coffee-houses in Devereux Court, among them the Grecian, started about 1666 by George Constantine, a Greek. Certain members of the Royal Society were regular patrons of the Grecian, and Goldsmith, though a faithful customer of the George, was an occasional visitor. In 1706 Thomas Twining was the proprietor of Tom's Coffee-house in Devereux Court. Evidently he intended to become a dealer in tea and coffee, and he used his establishment to that end. Daniel Twining succeeded his father Thomas in 1741, and about 1756 the coffee-house was absorbed into the tea and coffee business which, carried on by the same family and on the same site, flourishes to this day.

Another Tom's coffee-house was in Great Russell Street, Covent Garden, and was named after Captain Thomas West, the first landlord. This was a political resort at the beginning of the eighteenth century and later became distinguished for fashionable gatherings after the theatres closed. There were two other famous coffee-houses in Russell Street: Will's, where Dryden presided night after night discussing literary subjects, and Buttons', favoured by Addison.

In the latter part of the eighteenth century the London coffee-houses began to decline. But in their heyday they served the vital interests of a vigorous democracy as centres of business and as forums for the free intellectual commerce from which sprang the England we know and love to-day.

THE GRECIAN, ONE OF THREE COFFEE-HOUSES IN DEVEREUX COURT: George Constantine, a Greek, opened this house about 1666 and lived there for sixty years. It was another of Goldsmith's haunts and a meeting-place of members of the Royal Society.

THE FRENCH COFFEE-HOUSE IN LONDON IN THE SECOND HALF OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY: This amusing scene is from an original water-colour drawing by Thomas Rowlandson. French visitors and businessmen who congregated at this congenial meeting-place were offered, among other conveniences, the latest news from Paris.

HITE'S CLUB AS IT IS TO-DAY: It was established as a coffee-house by Francis White about 1693 and became a private club.

BROOKS'S CLUB, IN ST. JAMES'S STREET: The origin of this famous club is rather obscure, but it seems to have begun as Almack's Coffee-house, the name being an anagram of Macall, the original Scottish proprietor.

DON SALTERO'S, AT CHEYNE WALK, CHELSEA: This coffee-house was opened by a former barber called Salter in 1695. It was renowned for its museum of curiosities, which included items from Sir Hans Sloane's famous collection.

On left—BOODLE'S, ANOTHER OF THE FAMOUS ST. JAMES'S STREET CLUBS: Like White's and Brooks's, Boodle's began as a humble coffee-house, with Mr. Boodle as its proprietor. The first committee of Boodle's Club sat in 1766.

SOME EXAMPLES OF THE TOKENS USED BY LONDON COFFEE-HOUSES BECAUSE OF THE SHORTAGE OF SMALL CHANGE: The drawings below are the reverse of those immediately above. A large number of these coins were issued in the seventeenth century.

Told in Pictures

IT WAS HOCKTIDE IN HUNGERFORD
THE CHAMPION JOCKEY'S ADVENTURE
DEMOLITION AT THE SOUTH BANK

HOCKTIDE AT HUNGERFORD, BERKSHIRE: Mr. Sidney Bushnell, Crier of the Courts, summons members of the jury to the Town Hall for the Hocktide Court.

With all the ancient ritual and tradition the festival of Hocktide, which falls a fortnight after Easter and was at one time celebrated all over the country, took place at Hungerford last week. The festival was ushered in by the Town Crier with John o' Gaunt's horn. After the Hocktide Court had been convened the tithing men, or "Tuttimen," so called from the West Country word for a bouquet or bunch of flowers, received their poles, which were garnished with an orange and bunches of wild flowers, and proceeded to collect the toll of one penny per head from everyone in the town for the services they had rendered during the past twelve months. If the money was not paid they demanded a kiss from every woman in the house. The High Constable then gave a luncheon at the Three Swans, and pennies and oranges were thrown from the windows for the children to scramble for. John of Gaunt was the patron of Hungerford and the festival undoubtedly commemorates the granting by him of certain fishing rights in the River Kennet and the free use of some public land as a common, to which James II added further grants, making up the area known as Hungerford Common.

"TUTTIMAN" GEORGE KEATLAY IS SHOD: All visitors to the High Constable's lunch at the Three Swans after the ceremonies are called "colts" and shod.

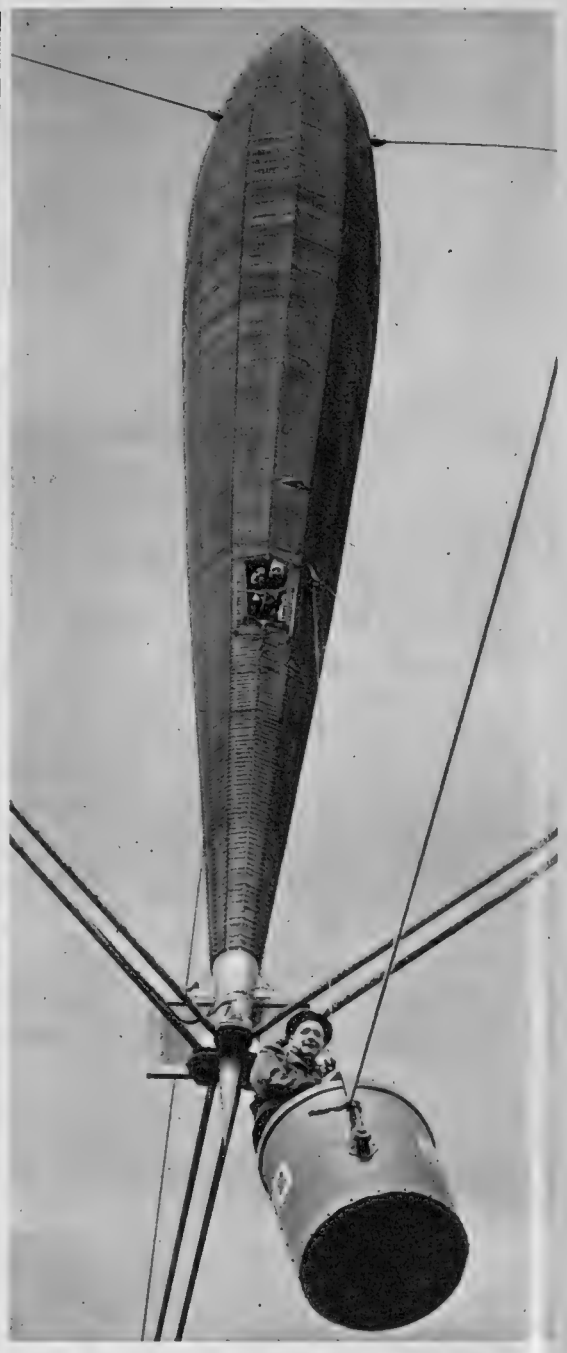
ORANGES FOR THE CROWD AND A KISS FOR THE "TUTTIMAN": The "Tuttiman" has climbed to the window to receive his traditional kiss during the collection of tithes which, in former days, went to the Church.

THE START OF THE GREAT METROPOLITAN HANDICAP AT EPSOM: The tapes go up and the runners get away to a moderately good start in the long-distance handicap of over 2¼ miles. Second from right in the picture is Approval, the mount of Gordon Richards, the champion jockey, who only a few moments before had been thrown in the preliminary canter. As a result the start was delayed for five minutes. When Richards was thrown he remained on the ground for a minute or two and the ambulance was at once despatched down the course. It was found that one of the horses behind Approval in the canter had trodden on Richards's knee. The injury, however, was not serious, and Richards used the ambulance to catch up with his mount. Richards showed that he was none the worse for his experience by getting off to a good start, and at one stage it seemed that he would win the race, rounding Tattenham Corner with a handsome lead.

THE FINISH OF THE GREAT METROPOLITAN: Miss Z. Daniels' French Squadron, ridden by W. Johnstone, about to pass the post just ahead of Veuillin, winner of last year's Goodwood Stakes, and Crudwell, the mount of Lester Piggott. Gordon Richards on Approval is seen in the centre of the group behind.

GORDON COMES UNDER STARTER'S ORDERS: The champion jockey seen after remounting Approval. He received a big cheer from the Epsom crowd.

THE STARTER HAS A FEW WORDS WITH RICHARDS: Having established that the jockey and his mount were ready, he started the race five minutes late.



SKY(LON)WARDS IN A BUCKET: Foreman M. Killeran is hoisted up the Skylon on the South Bank site of the Festival of Britain during the demolition work. Two of his assistants watch from an opened panel.

After much speculation on the future of the 290-ft. Skylon, one of the most prominent landmarks on the South Bank site of the Festival of Britain, it is now being demolished, having been bought by George Cohen, Sons, and Co. Ltd., a London firm of metal and machinery merchants. The work of demolition is expected to take the twelve men engaged on the task about six weeks. For various reasons, mostly technical, the Skylon is being taken down in pieces. Its ultimate fate has not yet been agreed to. Brighton Corporation have now decided not to make an offer for it, but there is still a possibility that it may be sold for re-erection in America. Another alternative is that the 14,000 lb. of aluminium alloy and 25 tons of steel which it contains may be sold as scrap to help the rearmament programme. When the Exhibition closed it was estimated that the Skylon, which cost £10,000, would cost as much to dismantle and a total of £30,000 to erect it on another site.

OUTSIDE THE ROYAL FESTIVAL HALL ONE YEAR AFTER THE OPENING OF THE FESTIVAL OF BRITAIN: Workmen are seen clearing the way for the new Thameside walk which has already attracted many visitors.

ANT ANTICS

"UNDER THE SYCAMORE TREE"—SAM SPEWACK'S FARCICAL FABLE AT THE ALDWYCH THEATRE

Sam Spewack, part-author with Bella Spewack of *Boy Meets Girl* and *Call Me Madam!*, has written a highly entertaining satirical fable in *Under the Sycamore Tree*, in which a scientist ant learns the inventions of human beings and adopts them in his ant colony. All scientific problems are rapidly solved, but there remains the baffling human capacity for love and feeling for others. Even this he manages to instil into two worker ants and, in so doing, himself comes to love and to be loved by the queen ant. Reaction to the new regime is steadfastly maintained by the General Ant and the Chief Statistician, a courtier of the old school. But the ant queen takes the scientist as her Prince Consort and progress continues until, having solved the problem of war by balancing weapons with counter-weapons, the scientist decides to visit the President of the United States with his panacea. His journey is not a success, however, and he returns exhausted after the poodle on which he made the journey has run away.

THE TRIUMPH OF SCIENCE: The Scientist Ant (Alec Guinness) explains to the Queen Ant (Diana Churchill) that he has invented an instrument which can tell when an egg is fertile of a queen ant. By destroying such eggs he can prolong the Queen's rule over the ant colony indefinitely. A scene from Sam Spewack's new satirical farce, *Under the Sycamore Tree*, at the Aldwych Theatre.

"QUEEN ANT SPEAKING": The Scientist Ant has introduced many of the latest inventions to the colony, including the telephone. The amusing costume by Oliver Messel is worn by Diana Churchill in the first act of *Under the Sycamore Tree* when she justifies her birthright as Queen Ant by laying 230 eggs. The play is a light-hearted satire on the uses man puts to his technical achievements.

BOY ANT MEETS GIRL ANT: The Scientist Ant's greatest experiment is to teach human love to two worker ants. Left to right are Diana Churchill as the Queen Ant; Eric Porter as the Boy Ant; Alec Guinness as the Ant Scientist; and Daphne Anderson as the Girl Ant. The scientist is giving a section of honeycomb to the boy ant and teaching him to give it up to the girl ant who, in turn, must refuse it, thus demonstrating the human capacity of feeling for another.

SCIENCE PREVAILS: The Scientist Ant has succeeded in instilling human love into the two "guinea-humans," with the result that the girl ant gives birth in the human way, and the boy, now husband, ant has all the reactions of the conventional father. Left to right are Peter Bull as the General who has been appointed Ambassador to the Brown Ant Colony; Madi Hedd as the Nurse; Alec Guinness; Eric Porter, and Ernest Thesiger as Chief Statistician and upholder of the old regime.

ST. GEORGE'S DAY IN ENGLAND

Shakespeare's Birthday is Commemorated at Stratford-on-Avon; the Annual Service of the Order of St. Michael and St. George; Queen Mary's Gift to the Victoria and Albert Museum; and other Home News in Pictures

THE SHAKESPEARE ANNIVERSARY AT STRATFORD-ON-AVON: A general view of the procession of Ambassadors and other representatives of many lands who walked first to Shakespeare's birthplace in Henley Street and then to his tomb in the parish church during the anniversary celebrations on April 23. Masters and boys of Shakespeare's school were in their customary place at the head of the procession. In the streets of the little Worcestershire town the flags of eighty-one nations were unfurled. Among them were three new ones—Vietnam, the Yemen and the Federal German Republic, the first German emblem flown at Stratford since 1939. At the annual luncheon in the Memorial Theatre "The Immortal Memory" was proposed by Mr. George Rylands, Lecturer in English Literature at Cambridge, and chairman of the Cambridge Arts Theatre.

"A COMEDY OF ERRORS" PERFORMED ON THE SITE OF THE OLD GLOBE THEATRE: Four of the Morley College actors in one of the opening scenes from *A Comedy of Errors* in the courtyard of the George Inn, Southwark, on the site of the old Globe Theatre. This was one of several performances of the play given to celebrate the 388th anniversary of the birth of Shakespeare. The actors, most of them amateurs, attempted to bring this most difficult of Shakespearean comedies to life by presenting it as an Edwardian extravaganza, with the Antipholuses as men of fashion, impeccably clad, and their Dromios dressed like stable-boys, complete with bowlers.

THE FIRST OF THE ROYAL NAVY'S INSHORE MINESWEEPERS L LAUNCHE AT COWES: This is the first of a number of inshore m esweepers which are under construction for the Royal Navy taking t the wate from the yard of J. Samuel White and Company Ltd., C ves. Mrs G. McCloghrie, wife of the Deputy Director of Naval nstructio (Production), performed the launching ceremony. Very ew detail have so far been released about this new type of mines eper. Th vessels are 106 ft. 5 ins. long, with beams of 20 ft. 6 , and ar designed to operate in shallow coastal waters, rivers a estuarie where orthodox minesweepers of greater draught could t ventur In addition to the normal minesweeping equipment, e n of thes ships will carry a small gun. The inshore mineswe ers are new development and embody novel features evolved m lessons learned during the war. Further details will not be di losed unti they are commissioned, and it is not known when t t will be

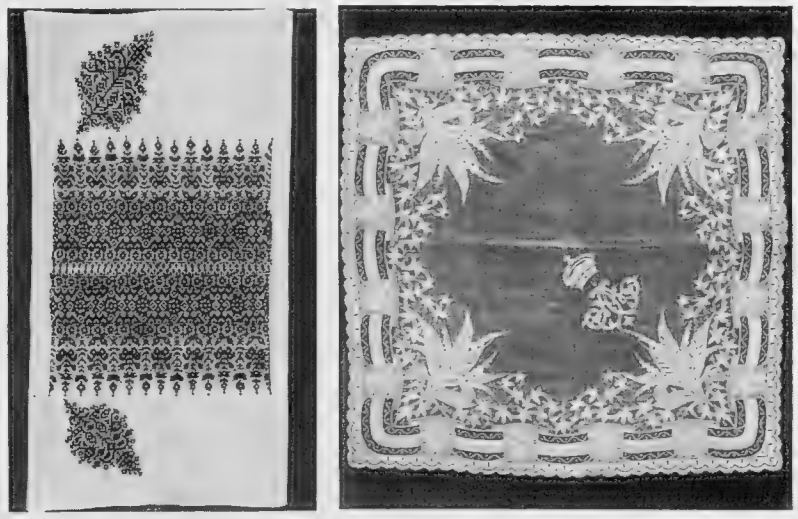
THE BISHOP OF BATH AND WELLS, DR. H. W. BRADFIELD, DEDICATES A CROSS OF SACRIFI IN THE WAR GRAVES PLOT AT HAYCOMBE CEMETERY, BATH: The memorial co memorates 232 members of the air forces of Great Britain, Australia, Canada, Ne Zealand, South Africa, Poland and Czechoslovakia and forty-three who served in t Army. Standing immediately behind the Bishop in this picture is Sir Thomas Whi the High Commissioner for Australia, who unveiled the memorial. In his address, S Thomas said: "It has been the enduring tradition of English-speaking people that they ha opposed tyranny from whatever source it sprang, and those who lie buried here died in t crusade and its fulfilment. Now tyranny threatens the free democracies again and the light liberty has gone out in many lands—lands like Poland and Czechoslovakia, whose sons rest he with our own. In Korea and Malaya our menfolk are resisting aggression again with the sa traditional spirit and devotion. The example and sacrifice and unselfish co-operation of tho to whom this cross of sacrifice is raised and those who defend our freedom must remind of the unfinished work that still awaits us, if our valiant dead are not to have died in va

THE ANNUAL SERVICE OF THE MOST DISTINGUISHED ORDER OF ST. MICHAEL AND ST. GEORGE IN ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL : The procession of Knights Commanders and Knights Grand Cross seen leaving the Chapel of the Order during the service in the Cathedral on St. George's Day. Among the deceased members commemorated this year was George VI, the late Sovereign and Chief of the Order. Marshal Pétain, an Honorary Knight Grand Cross, was also commemorated.

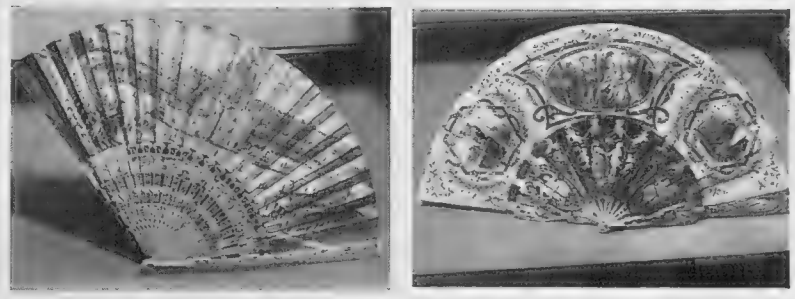
THE PROCESSION TO THE CHAPEL OF THE ORDER OF ST. MICHAEL AND ST. GEORGE FOR THE REMOVAL OF THE BANNERS OF THREE LATE KNIGHTS AND THE AFFIXING OF THE BANNER OF SIR BEDE CLIFFORD. *Left*—The new Prelate of the Order, the Rt. Rev. Wilfred Askwith, Lord Bishop of Blackburn, and the Chancellor of the Order, Earl Clarendon, are seen walking at the rear of the procession in the Nave of the Cathedral. *Right*—The banner-bearers precede the Knights Grand Cross to the chapel. On the altar lay three more banners of the late Knights, and these, when the new banner had been affixed, were carried in the return procession to the Choir. There the banners of the departed Knights were named in turn by the King of Arms, Lieut.-Colonel Sir Archibald Weigall, and handed to the Prelate, by whom they were laid on the High Altar. After the list of departed members had been read by the Gentleman Usher of the Blue Rod in the Order, Admiral Sir Alan Hotham, the Prelate read the Commemoration.

LOW SUNDAY IN SUSSEX—KNIGHTS TEMPLARS MEET IN BATTLE : Wearing their colourful and historic robes, Knights Templars walk in solemn procession from the parish church to Battle Abbey for a special commemorative meeting. Before the procession the Knights attended a service in the parish church, conducted by the Dean of Battle, the Very Rev. A. T. A. Naylor. The modern Abbey at Battle includes parts of the old Abbot's house and other remains of the original monastery founded in 1067 by William the Conqueror to celebrate his victory at Hastings. The old Abbey, for long one of the richest institutions of its kind in England, was partly demolished at the time of the dissolution of the monasteries in order to make way for a residence for Sir Anthony Browne.

QUEEN MARY'S GIFT TO THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM : A general view of the redecorated "Recent Acquisitions" room at the Victoria and Albert Museum where Queen Mary's recent gift is at present housed.



TWO ITEMS FROM QUEEN MARY'S COLLECTION AT THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM : *On the left* is a piece of eighteenth-century Moroccan embroidery, and *on the right* a handkerchief which belonged to Queen Alexandra.



TWO FANS FROM QUEEN MARY'S EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY FRENCH AND ITALIAN COLLECTION : *On the left* is an Italian fan, with a painting of St. Peter's, Rome. The French fan *on the right* has a sequin motif and three water-colour paintings on silk, mounted on finely-worked mother-of-pearl.

SOME EXAMPLES OF THE CHINESE EMBROIDERIES AND FANS IN QUEEN MARY'S GIFT : The collection also includes examples of contemporary embroidery, including a sideboard cloth made in 1951 by a Palestinian Arab refugee.

Queen Mary's recent gift to the Victoria and Albert Museum of 110 articles from her private collection at Marlborough House includes over seventy fans of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. There are two purses given to Queen Victoria by the Turkish Ambassador in 1854, both trimmed with exquisite gold Bibila lace and made in Constantinople. Another relic of Queen Victoria is an embroidered handkerchief from the Isle of Man, bearing both the Royal insignia and the Manx motto. There is an ivory veil of Devonshire lace, worked in 1860, which belonged to Queen Alexandra and a lace and whitework embroidery once owned by Queen Louise of Denmark. Queen Mary has made many such gifts to the Victoria and Albert Museum during the past few years. One of her most remarkable contributions was a collection of her own gowns, including the one she wore at the wedding of the Duchess of Kent. Some of the beautiful pieces from her latest gift will eventually be presented to various provincial museums on permanent loan.

JUMPING THE MOTORING QUEUE!

New Regulations are Announced by the Motor Industry for Maintaining the Fairest Distribution of New Cars on the Home Market

BY "THE SPHERE" MOTORING CORRESPONDENT

NO fair-minded motorist will quarrel with the new regulations announced by the motor industry for the distribution of new cars to the home market. They are a serious attempt to plug the loopholes through which unscrupulous dealers and "spivvish" customers have still been able to procure new cars.

The new declaration which now has to be signed by both customer and dealer is a legally-binding document on which the British Motor Trade Association—"policeman" of the motor industry—can take action if, for instance, it is found that a customer has falsely stated he has not previously taken delivery of a post-war car.

On the same form the dealer himself has to set out his reasons for allocating the new car to that particular buyer. If they are found to be fictitious, the dealer himself will soon be in trouble, and will probably find himself on the industry's "stop list."

All the signed documents will be sent to the B.M.T.A. and carefully filed. The Association does not pretend that it is going to investigate every declaration. If, however, complaints are received from members of the public that irregularities have been taking place in any part of the country, careful inquiry will be made and, if necessary, proceedings will be taken.

The Association has, of course, received shoals of such allegations in the past but it has not been easy to take action even when they were proved to be well founded.

That was because the B.M.T.A. was not a party, in the legal sense, to the questionnaire which the dealer called on the customer to complete and sign. Any action had to be taken in the name of the dealer. And, human nature being what it is, dealers were not always willing to get a customer into trouble, especially if he was a good customer! In future the Association itself can take proceedings in its own name, whether the dealer likes it or not.

It will still be possible for a man who has already had a post-war car to order another in the name of his wife, his son, his sister, or some other relation. But what will happen if he does? Neither the manufacturer nor the B.M.T.A. can be expected to know such local, personal details concerning buyers of new cars. So the onus rests on the dealer of making sure that none of his customers is trying to practise a "fiddle" of this kind.

If the dealer himself is not sufficiently vigilant, you can bet that some of his neighbours will be, and that they will write to the B.M.T.A. about it. And it would not be a good thing for the dealer if investigation revealed that he had been even careless in the matter.

All this business of snooping and "telling tales" goes very much against the grain in Britain's motoring community. But as long as there are so few new cars to meet such an overwhelming demand, all possible steps must be taken to see that the cars which *are* available are allocated to those who have been waiting longest.

There is news of great technical interest from Vauxhall Motors. Every Velox and Wyvern now coming off the assembly lines at Luton has an engine of entirely new design, for which they claim more power, more miles to the gallon and longer life. I do not think they will have much difficulty in substantiating these boasts.

The big feature about these new engines is that they are "over square." In other words, the bore (diameter of the cylinder barrel) measures more than the stroke. In both the 4-cylinder Wyvern unit and the 6-cylinder Velox engine these measurements are the same. The bore is 79.3 mm. (3.125 ins.) and the stroke 76.2 mm. (3 ins.). The bore of both the 1½-litre Wyvern engine and the 2¼-litre Velox unit used to be only 69.5 mm. Stroke of the old Wyvern engine was 95 mm. and that of the Velox 100 mm. Cubic capacity of both engines remains practically the same: 1,507 cc. for the Wyvern (compared with 1,442) and 2,262 cc. for the Velox (as against 2,275).

You will notice that in the case of the larger engine the cubic capacity is actually smaller. Yet the brake-horse-power is now 64 at 4,000 r.p.m. (a gain of 5.7), and whereas the horse-power under the old R.A.C. rating was 17.9, it now works out at 23.44. In the case of the Wyvern the differences are: brake-horse-power increased by 5 to a peak of 40 at 4,000 r.p.m.; R.A.C. horse-power rating up from 12 to 15.6.

These remarkable jumps in horse-power under the old R.A.C. rating are a clear example of the restrictive effect which the old taxation system, based on fictitiously-calculated horse-power, had on engine design.

Now that the tax payable on a car each year no longer depends on the width of the cylinder bore, engine designers have produced these "square" engines—the new Ford units in the Consul and Zephyr are other good examples—which develop more power because the expanding gases have a larger area on top of the piston on which to push and because improved valve mechanism is possible. Even more important, perhaps, are the lower piston SPEED and reduced piston TRAVEL in these short-stroke engines.

They cut down the rate of wear and give a much higher mileage between rebores. I think these points are very clearly demonstrated in the following figures given me at Luton by Mr. Harold Drew, Vauxhalls' chief engineer: when the new Velox is travelling at 60 miles an hour the pistons are moving at a speed of just over 27 ft. per second. In the old engine, with its longer stroke, the comparable speed was nearly 36 ft. a second.

You can put it another way: the new Wyvern does 62 m.p.h. at the piston speed which produced only 50 m.p.h. with the old engine.

I tried out both new engines in short runs at Luton and thought the performance of the Wyvern showed a particularly marked improvement. I had no chance of testing the Vauxhall claim that the Wyvern now has a top speed of 70 m.p.h.—it used to be about 63—but I don't think they can be far wide of the mark. The Velox now does 80, has a more effortless fast cruising speed—and does about four more miles to the gallon.

They told me at Luton that since their new 19½-acre factory came into use nearly £5,000,000 has been spent on re-equipping the older parts of the plant. Among the new equipment are machines for "hydromatic" multi-spot welding—the only ones of their kind in Europe.

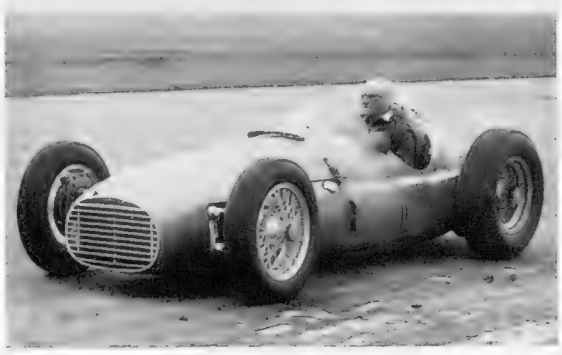
Until this new technique was introduced, each "spot" weld had to be made separately. With hydromatic welding as many as 84 spot welds can be made simultaneously, and you can imagine the saving in time, labour and space when dealing with such sheet-metal assemblies as doors, luggage-boot lids and seat frames.

After watching the cascades of sparks thrown off by these labour-saving devices I passed on to the shop where the bodies of all Vauxhall cars are immersed to a depth of 12 ins. in a "slipper bath" of primer paint to give added protection against rust to the vulnerable "under-belly" of each vehicle.

They are previously Bonderised all over in another section of Vauxhalls' new £400,000 paint plant. Another feature of interest I noticed at Luton in the well-planned Vauxhall factory was the arrangement under which engines are run-in for half an hour while they are actually moving along the assembly line! Electric motors are used for this purpose.

A MODERN TRAFFIC TUNNEL IN THE CITY OF LYONS: Cars emerging from the new tunnel under the Croix Rousse, which was officially opened towards the end of April. Lyons has never been an easy city for the motorist to negotiate because there the rivers Saone and Rhone run parallel to each other for a short distance, and thus there is intense congestion at the crossings.

A UNIQUE CAR WITH ITS HOODS UP: This is the Bisluro (Double Torpedo) car driven by the Italian ace, Piero Taruffi, who is standing second from left as the engine was checked over before the recent speed trial on the Appian Way when Taruffi set up three new records.



THE ARGENTINE ACE, JUAN FANGIO, AT THE WHEEL OF THE B.R.M.: After this test at Folkingham, Lincolnshire, Fangio expressed himself delighted with the car and declared that he would be willing to race it this year. During the trial Fangio ran off the circuit and crushed the under-chassis exhaust pipe, but this was speedily replaced and the trial went on.

There was quite a gathering at the Dorchester Hotel, in Park Lane, the other morning for the announcement by the Regent Oil Company of their new lubricating oil, "Havoline." When I say "new" I mean new in so far as the U.K. is concerned, for those of you who go abroad will have noticed Havoline on sale in many different markets.

This latest move by the Regent Oil Company has brought into the limelight a man—Mr. S. J. Vos—who can be truly described as the architect of the firm's remarkable growth. He started the firm twenty-nine years ago with a handful of employees at a little wharf in Silvertown, and it was the name of that wharf—"Prince Regent's"—that gave the company its name.

Seven years later Mr. Vos persuaded Trinidad Leaseholds to buy an interest in the business because he realised his little undertaking needed the backing of an oil company with its own production and refinery. The Regent Oil Company as it now exists was really born in 1948, since when it has had behind it the combined resources of Trinidad Leaseholds, the Standard Oil Company of California and the Texas Company.

Regent's "Havoline" lubricating oil follows the new fashion of using additives, including a detergent which combats lacquer and varnish formation and sees to it that the piston rings are free to do their job.

I noticed with regret that the Minister of Transport has refused to impose a limit on the number of provisional licences that can be taken out successively by one person. When questioned on this subject he said he was aware of the anomaly but the administrative difficulties in getting round it were considerable.

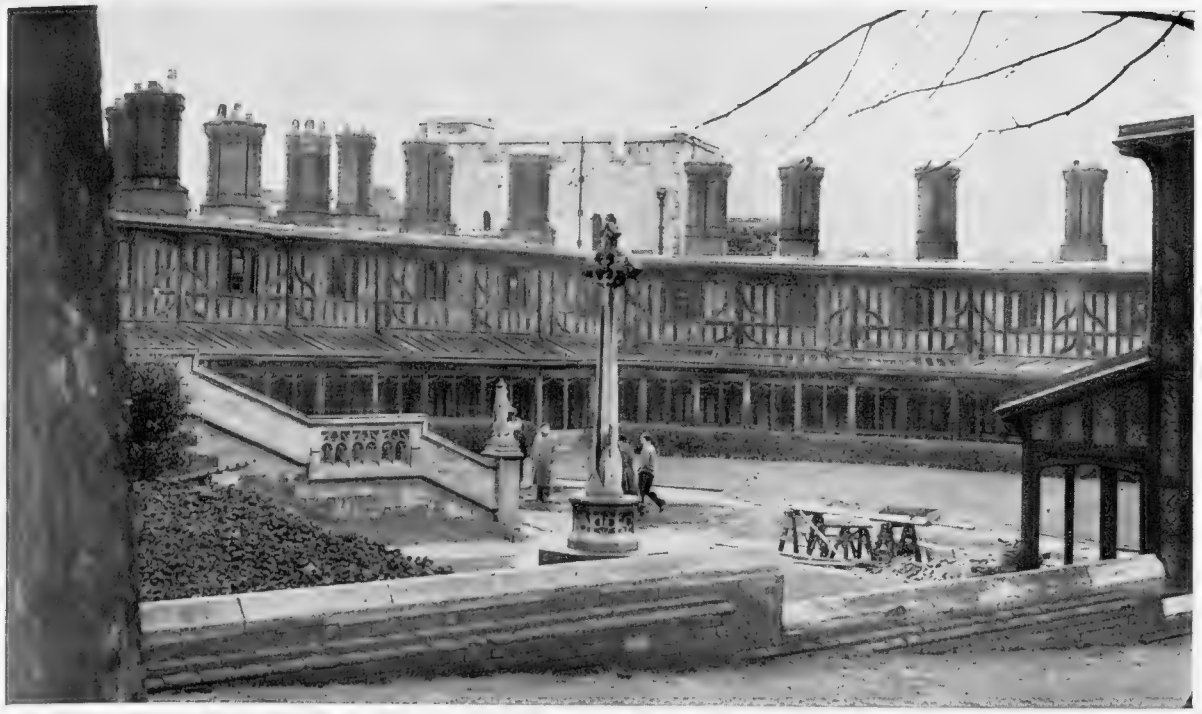
So it will still be possible for anyone, however badly he—or she—drives, however frail or temperamentally unfitted to be in charge of a car, to go on taking out three-monthly provisional licences for 5s. a time whether or not he ever submits himself to a test (at ten bob a go) and irrespective of the result of any test or tests he may take.

But he must, of course, always carry "L" plates and must always have a licensed driver in the car with him.

PSEUDO TUDOR, AND ANCIENT STONE-WORK

Repairs at Windsor and Hastings; and the Demolition of a Warwickshire House

Work is now nearing completion on the Horseshoe Cloisters of Windsor Castle, the pseudo-antiquities devised in the last century by Sir George Gilbert Scott, the restorer of cathedrals and churches and the architect of the Albert Memorial and St. Pancras Station. Scott's work at Windsor Castle has not stood the test of time at all well, and the oak balustrading which he erected above his cloisters, as a sort of connecting link between the house, has had to be removed. It is unlikely that the balustrading will be replaced. This incursion into the Tudor style was not in Scott's favourite manner, for he was one of the leading protagonists of the revived Gothic form. Sir George's grandson is Sir Giles Gilbert Scott. Other urgent repair work which is soon to be carried out at Windsor Castle is on the famous Curfew Tower, where the massive heart of oak timbers (nearly 500 years old) of the belfry have been found to be in danger of collapse owing to rot. Vibration and the full swing of the bells, which weigh 9 tons, might cause them to fall, so they are not to be rung until repair work has been completed. The rot is in the beams forming the cage in which the bells are suspended.



WINDSOR'S TUDOR-STYLE HORSESHOE CLOISTERS, AS THEY NOW APPEAR WITH THE OAK BALUSTRADING REMOVED FROM THE ROOFS AND THE RESTORATION NEARLY COMPLETED: The balustrading had to go as it was rotting and doing an immensity of damage to the roofs of the houses. The houses are not of any antiquity, being the work of Sir George Gilbert Scott in the nineteenth century. In the background of the picture is one of the ramparts of the Castle.

PRESERVATION OF HASTINGS CASTLE WHICH A FEW YEARS AGO BECAME THE PROPERTY OF THE TOWN CORPORATION AFTER HAVING BEEN FOR FOUR CENTURIES IN THE POSSESSION OF THE EARLS OF CHICHESTER: *Left* and *right*—Watched by two visitors, mason and bricklayer Harry Gallop and his assistant, Jim Harris, fit a new stone to the 8-ft.-thick walls of the Sussex Castle built by William the Conqueror to consolidate his triumph on English soil. The new stone was fashioned by Mr. Gallop from one of the original Caen stones salvaged from the crumbling ruins which are visited every year by thousands of holidaymakers. For the time being the men are using Thomas à Becket's study (used by him when he was a Warrior Clerk) as a mason's workshop. To stop further deterioration, the tops of the walls have been weathered by the use of Blue Lias lime and special cement which is as near to the original mortar as can be obtained. The repairs are costing the Corporation of Hastings £500 a year. The scanty ruins of the Castle are in themselves of only modest interest, but they command a wonderful view of the sea, extending on the west to Beachy Head.

THE WINDOW AT WINDSOR FROM WHICH QUEEN ELIZABETH I AND WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE ARE REPUTED TO HAVE WATCHED THE FIRST PRODUCTION OF "THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR": The window has already been fitted with new woodwork. The minaret to the left of it, erected much later than the original building, is to be removed.

NEWNHAM PADDOX, NEAR RUGBY, WARWICKSHIRE, IS BEING DEMOLISHED: The present Earl of Denbigh, whose property it is, decided to have the building demolished as he could not live in it owing to the heavy taxation. The materials have been put up for auction to local builders. On the left of the picture is the Roman Catholic Chapel.

THE GATES AT NEWNHAM PADDOX, WHICH ORIGINALLY CAME FROM A SPANISH MONASTERY IN 1793 AND WHICH WERE ADDED TO BY ROBERT BAKEWELL, THE DERBYSHIRE CRAFTSMAN: They are said to be among the finest gates in the country and are not being sold with the rest of the building. Neither is the estate being sold. The house at Newnham Paddox dates back to the reign of Henry VI. Considerable rebuilding was carried out in 1878 and the Roman Catholic Chapel was added in 1880. The fittings and furniture of the Chapel are to be used in a new Roman Catholic church in Rugby. The first Earl of Denbigh was Sir William Fielding, a faithful adherent of King Charles I, who was killed in a skirmish near Birmingham in 1643. He was made a Viscount in 1620 and an Earl in 1622.

The World of Books—By VERNON FANE

LE PETIT LAPIN BLANC

A Story of Fabulous Courage and Unconquerable Gaiety of Spirit; a Modern-day Hero of Deadly Dangerous Missions

HEROES of our own days are not lacking but they are not always treated on or appreciated on an heroic scale. Mr. Bruce Marshall has done a great deal to remedy this graceless attitude with his story of Wing-Commander F. F. E. Yeo-Thomas's exploits during the war. Yeo-Thomas, who holds the George Cross and the Military Cross, was, before the war, the manager of the famous Molyneux dress salon in Paris. During the war, in spite of his near middle age, he succeeded in getting himself into the Royal Air Force, and in being sent to France on a series of deadly dangerous missions. On the last of these he was betrayed and captured by the Gestapo outside Passy Metro station, imprisoned and tortured for days and nights without revealing anything of use to the Germans, and finally sent to Buchenwald, on the way to which place of horror he scribbled a message: "*Tout va bien . . . je pars pour l'Allemagne . . . courage et patience. Je reviendrai bientôt.*" His nickname, "The White Rabbit," was as gloriously inappropriate as could be and, till his capture, the French service of the B.B.C. would send out this message every time he got safely back to England: "*Le petit lapin blanc est rentré au clapier.*" For the title of his biography of this heroic figure, Mr. Marshall has therefore chosen THE WHITE RABBIT (Evans. 16s.), but then, we are a race who understand irony. This is not a book to read and discard, but one to keep and cherish, for its record not only of fabulous courage, but of unconquerable gaiety of spirit.

JANE AVRIL AT THE DIVAN JAPONAIS: This is one of the famous posters by Toulouse-Lautrec which electrified Paris in the '90's. It is reproduced in Jose Scherclif's new biography, *Jane Avril of the Moulin Rouge* (Jarrolds. 16s.), the story of the daughter of a demi-mondaine and an Italian aristocrat who danced her way to fame.

The periods of expansion and stagnation that have affected Dublin's progress, architecturally and socially, make it sound a little like the pleated leather funnel on an old-fashioned camera. Nevertheless, such eras did succeed each other between 1660 and 1860, and it is of this period that Mr. Maurice Craig writes in his impressive new history, DUBLIN (Cresset Press. 42s.). This fascinating book, based on scholarly and informed research, is not only a treat for other scholars or for Dublin-lovers, but for hundreds and possibly thousands of people who might enjoy the piquant contrast of classic architecture, over-optimistic building arrangements and general insouciance, which could exist nowhere to the same degree as in that unique city that lies upon the Liffey.

"Never underestimate the power of a woman," says a widely-circulated American advertisement, and although it is just possible that Mr. John P. Marquand never saw one such, it is quite certain that he has written his new, more-than-full-length novel on that theme. For MELVILLE GOODWIN, U.S.A. (Robert Hale. 15s.), is a monument or indictment, according to opinion, of the peculiarly strong influence of wives on their husbands in the United States. (Incidentally, the "U.S.A." of the title refers to the U.S. Army.) It was in Berlin after the war that Mr. Marquand's General Goodwin, a professional soldier of many years' standing, first leapt into American fame when, on the border of two zones, he nonchalantly pushed aside the tommy-gun of a Russian soldier, gave him a friendly slap and considered the incident closed. In point of fact and fiction, it was just the opening of a series of events which could only happen in the United States. If you appreciate good, vintage Marquand you will enjoy all this and particularly the ease with which the author helps you to read between the lines.

SYBIL (Gollancz. 12s. 6d.) is the story of a marriage and, although that marriage might, by the cynical, be called a very ordinary one, Mr. Louis Auchincloss has contrived to write a far from banal novel about it. The setting is New York and Long Island during 1940 and the succeeding years, but there is little reference to the war beyond its disrupting influence on a husband and a wife. Sybil is the over-sensitive, over-reticent daughter of parents who move in circles that are rich and respectable to the point of stuffiness. To their surprise and to the amazement of her more forthcoming friends, she marries the catch of the season, a young man of great good looks, reasonable intelligence, good family and great wealth. Her intensity appeals to him, especially since it is confined to the narrow channel of adoration for him, and for a time they are happy and he doesn't find her devotion cloying. The break-up is, to her, a sudden and violent shock and the reconciliation no less painful. Briefly, that is all the book is about, but there is far more to it than a skeletal plot. The character studies are photographically sharp, and the dialogue admirably natural.

Miss Doreen Wallace's new novel is described by its publishers as a tract for the times, and my only quarrel with their statement is that it is not more timely in this than in any other year of grace. For this is a story about a man's obsessive ambition for his son which could have been as true in the tenth as in the twentieth centuries. The comparative studies of dame schools, grammar schools and public schools are extraordinarily interesting, but they are not an integral part of the plot, which is primarily concerned with the theory that a poor man, in this case a Suffolk thatcher, may concentrate every waking energy and thought to the task of making his son an educated gentleman, and may produce instead a clever, heartless and eventually tragic puppet. ROOT OF EVIL (Collins. 10s. 6d.) is written with a tract-like singleness of purpose which gives the story a certain stiffness, but Miss Wallace knows her craft well and is incapable of turning out a book that is not superbly readable.

A school in a Midland town is planning to give a performance of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, and the children are being conscientiously rehearsed in their parts by a dutiful staff—"I thought I 'd take the lovers, they 'll be the most troublesome. Miss Marvin's willing to cope with the fairies. That leaves the Fools for you." Not the most dramatic of set-ups, perhaps, but Miss Elizabeth Coxhead has written round it a novel that is not only sensible, but humorous and enchanting. A PLAY TOWARD (Faber. 12s. 6d.) goes a long way to fulfilling this writer's early promise in a way that is as satisfying for the reader as for herself, I should think.

There is a brilliance of suggestion about the title of Mr. Gerald Bullett's new novel that is typical of this poet-realist-author. THE TROUBLE AT NUMBER SEVEN (Michael Joseph. 12s. 6d.) implies in five words both the setting (for reference to a house by its number alone is inescapably middle-class, and, perhaps I should say, all the better for it), and the theme of the novel, which is indeed one of the worst kinds of trouble, murder. As always with Mr. Bullett, the style, whatever the subject, is impeccable, and even the prolonged court scene—a literary and dramatic device of which I have grown very weary—is freshly presented and freshly absorbing. It reads, in fact, like the transcript of an actual case, and that is a high compliment.

M. Jules Roy, a Frenchman, fought during the war in the R.A.F., and his novel, THE HAPPY VALLEY (Gollancz. 12s. 6d.), is based on his own experiences of mission after mission over the Ruhr Valley and later over his own country. Air Marshal Sir Robert Saundby, of Bomber Command between 1943-45, writes in his introduction that ". . . very few . . . spent more time in the Valley of the Shadow of Death than did the bomber crews. But, perhaps, as we read these pages, we can learn something of the secret of their endurance. For we catch a glimpse, now and then, of some strange and terrible power within them that held them faithful unto death." This is a wonderful book, strong, poignant, and in its way, triumphant.

TANKER (Longmans. 10s. 6d.) is the work of a new South African writer, Mr. Rayne Kruger, whose own war experiences in the Merchant Navy helped to give him some of the background for his first novel. This deals rather more than competently with the unexpected adventures of a young lawyer who was rejected both by the Army and the Navy because of his poor eyesight and joined the Merchant Navy in the autumn of 1943. The adventures were unexpected not because of their lack of hostility, but because the terrible climax came not in enemy action, but in port among their own ships. Mr. Kruger writes without affectation, and his story is all the more effective for that.

KING'S MOUNTAIN (Odhams. 15s.) is another of those lavish American historical novels, this time about the American War of Independence, and in particular about the activities of the Carolina patriots against the redcoats. If it were possible to write at the top of one's voice, Florette Henri might be described as doing just that, but then there are tens of thousands of people who appear only to enjoy a wireless-set if it is turned on at full blast, so that there can be little doubt of the popularity of this type of "romance."

The three thrillers which I recommend to you this week are headed by Mr. Peter Hardin's THE FRIGHTENED DOVE (Heinemann. 10s. 6d.), which is set in New York and, for the greater part, in Montreal. It is a story of professional gunmen, political rather than domestic gangsters, who are none the less dangerous for the trend of their convictions.

NIGHT TRAIN TO PARIS (Hodder and Stoughton 12s. 6d.) has its undertones too, though these are of an older master, Edgar Wallace. The story is crisply told by Mr. Manning Coles and concerns a rascally band of Russians bent on securing a formula from a German who is killed before he can sell it to the English. The night ferry is not the only means of transport used in this fast-moving story. There is a motor-cruiser, too, police cars, stolen, re-sprayed cars and vans, all contributing to the effect of logical, forceful action.

THE FRENCH RIVER COUNTRY

The Variegated Scene Between the Lot, the Dordogne and the Tarn

South of Limoges and Clermont Ferrand, east of Bordeaux and north of Toulouse, there lies a land of great rivers, a rich and varied countryside which is becoming increasingly widely known alike to visitors from abroad and to French tourists. It is bounded on the far south by the Tarn, the river of deep gorges that flows through the highlands around Florac (where Robert Louis Stevenson drove the delectable Modestine) down to historic Albi, that lies dreaming at the edge of the plain of Toulouse. Just to the northward is the Lot, emerging from the Lozere Mountains and flowing through gay Espalion towards Cahors and its junction with the Garonne. Farther north still, and nearer Limoges are the rivers of Perigord Noir and Perigord Blanc, the noble Dordogne and the Vezere, while sandwiched between north and south is the Quercy, famed no less for its delicious food than it is for its fantastic rock formations, among the latter Rocamdour, where the modern troglodytes have their being. Most celebrated spot of all in this smiling land is Lascaux, with its magnificent cave drawings that take one back to the dawn of time. In THREE RIVERS OF FRANCE (Faber and Faber. 25s.) Freda White tells the story of this river country of the Lot, the Dordogne and the Tarn. She has produced at once a practical guide and a book to read for pleasure, providing a rare glimpse of that Romanesque France which has kept its character in part no doubt because express trains do not roar across the landscape, because it lies on no direct route to the beaches of the Riviera or the sands of Biscay.

In 1847 Charles Pierre Baudelaire challenged criticism and conventional morality by his *Fleurs du Mal*, which brought him both fame and notoriety. Now Alan Conder, a translator of skill and sensibility, presents LES FLEURS DU MAL (Cassell. 12s. 6d.) in English. Only a completely bilingual critic could assess the extent of Mr. Conder's achievement; but let it be said that in our own tongue he touches poetic heights, that his mastery of the lyric form is sure, that out of degradation there sometimes emerges a strange nobility.

Count Alfred d'Orsay, the centenary of whose death is marked this year, was one of the most brilliant figures of the nineteenth century, and although a great deal about him is known there are many gaps in our knowledge. Mr. Willard Connely, in his new biography, COUNT D'ORSAY (Cassell. 25s.), has, by painstaking research, filled some of these gaps. Mr. Connely dwells in particular on that rather drab period in the great dandy's life when he was virtually imprisoned by bailiffs in Gore House, in West London, and only gained his freedom by engineering a Parliamentary Bill.

A second and revised edition of THE HISTORY OF SPAIN (Eyre and Spottiswoode. 30s.), by Louis Bertrand and Sir Charles Petrie, now makes its appearance. Bertrand's original manuscript ended with the death of Phillip II, and the work was intended to give a revaluation of Spain's contribution to world civilisation. The concluding chapters, by Sir Charles Petrie, bring the story down to 1945, when Franco so narrowly escaped participation in the Second World War. Whether Franco's patriotism or cynicism, ability or luck were the deciding factors in Spain's neutrality must remain a matter of opinion, Sir Charles concludes.

Ruskin, it has been said, was a vociferous dogmatist, and to-day many people fight shy of his writings because the great mass of his work appears to be heavy going. *The Stones of Venice* and other masterpieces can still be bought for a modest sum upon the second-hand bookstalls. At his best, however, Ruskin is magnificently readable. Both as a controversial and autobiographical writer he displayed a rare mastery of the English language, and Peter Quennell has certainly done a great service by presenting an anthology that lays emphasis upon Ruskin the writer rather than upon Ruskin, the idealistic and penetrative thinker. SELECTED WRITINGS OF JOHN RUSKIN (The Falcon Press. 15s.) is indeed an admirable re-introduction to the literary art of one of the outstanding men of the nineteenth century. Another re-introduction, concentrating essentially upon Ruskin's philosophy, would surely be a welcome sequel.

The film of T. S. Eliot's verse play is handsomely commemorated in an attractively-produced volume, THE FILM OF MURDER IN THE CATHEDRAL (Faber and Faber. 25s.). The book gives the complete scenario of the film, including the original text of the play. It is illustrated with photographs and drawings of Peter Pendrey's sets and decor, which won a prize at the Venice Film Festival, and many pages of photographs by Angus McBean of the film.

Graham Reynolds, Deputy Keeper, Department of Paintings, Victoria and Albert Museum, contributes the latest addition to the Library of English Art. ENGLISH PORTRAIT MINIATURES (A. and C. Black. 21s.) gives a complete and up-to-date account of English miniature painting, an art which has been practised over a longer period and brought to a higher pitch in England than in any other country.

MERCURY

MERCURY, also known by its old English name quicksilver, is the only pure metal that is liquid at ordinary temperatures. One of the heaviest of the elements, it is obtained from cinnabar, a compound of mercury and sulphur, which is mined in Italy, Spain and the Americas. The best known use of mercury is in thermometers and barometers, but its ability to dissolve certain other metals makes it of importance in the chemical industry, and in gold-mining where it is used in one method of extracting gold. Compounds of mercury have many uses. Both mercurous and mercuric chloride play an important part in medicine—Paracelsus, the Swiss physician was using mercury compounds early in the sixteenth century. In agriculture they are used in the manufacture of seed dressings. Oxides of the metal are used in special marine paints, and the bright scarlet pigment, vermilion, is made from mercuric sulphide. Fulminate of mercury, a powerful explosive, is used in the manufacture of detonators. I.C.I. uses mercury in one method of producing caustic soda and chlorine. It also uses compounds of mercury to make plastics, dyestuffs and other chemicals, including phthalic anhydride, one of the intermediates used in the manufacture of the brilliant 'Monastral' blue pigment.

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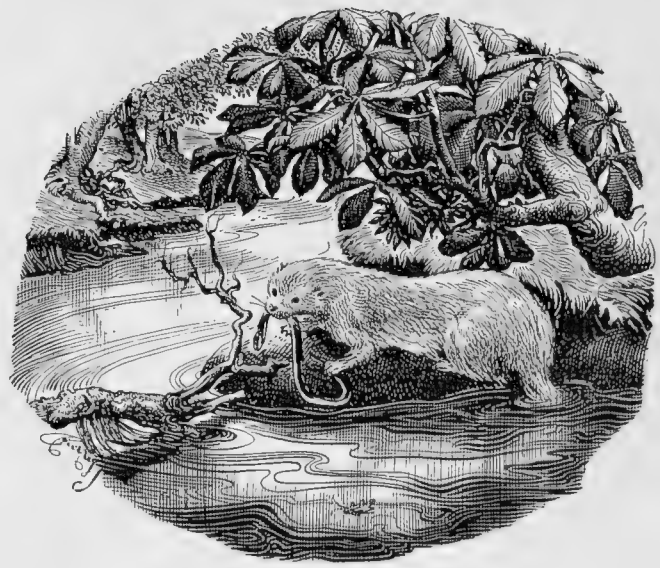

May

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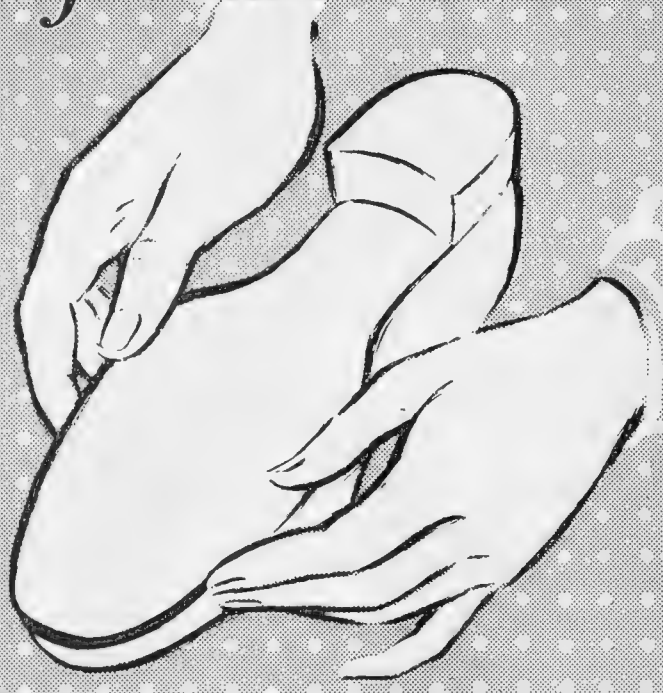

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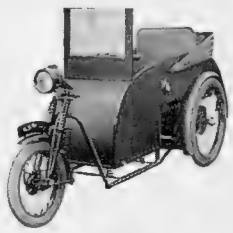

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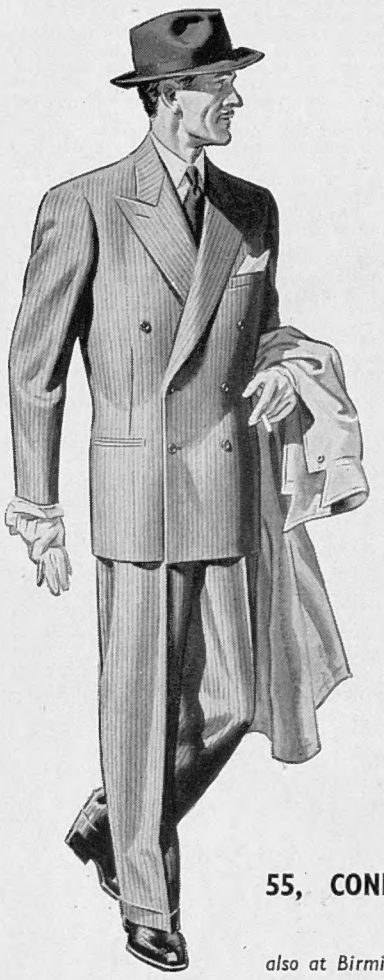

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IN QUEST OF GOOD HOTELS

BY ASHLEY COURTENAY

WHAT 'S in a name? So far as hotels are concerned, plenty of misconception! Who would expect to find at *The Plough and Harrow* not only an *à la carte* menu, including Pâté de Foie Gras, Homard Newburg, Themidor or Cardinal, and Poulet à la Broche Hawaii, but also, for people who are less choosy, a well-balanced luncheon for 6s. 6d. and an 8s. 6d. dinner?

No. *The Plough and Harrow* is not just a figment of my imagination, but does in fact exist, five miles from the centre of Birmingham, in Hagley Road, Edgbaston, and is there for you to sample any day of any week. Not only is the catering quite superb, but for detailed modern comfort, the twenty bedrooms (six of which have private bathrooms) are models of their kind. From my resilient bed I could flick on a light, turn on the self-controlled radio, or, without even stretching, pick up the telephone receiver and speak to the world beyond.

Full marks, indeed, to the brewers, who have ploughed back some of their profits into creating something for which Birmingham has long felt a need. And all credit to them for putting in charge such an experienced and interested caterer and manager as Mr. G. D. C. Bowman, F.H.C.I. I had met him some years back at one of Brighton's leading hotels. Their loss is Birmingham's gain.

What 's in a name? *The Grand* suggests a hundred bedrooms or more. You will find one in most seaside resorts and in many provincial cities. *The Grand Hotel* at Rugby, however, is grand in everything but the normal interpretation of the name. It has forty bedrooms, some with self-controlled radio, and all of them comfortable and scrupulously clean. Above all, in the management of Mr. G. C. S. Ryan and his charming French wife, one is conscious of the guiding hands of experience, the personal enjoyment of giving service, however trivial, to the traveller, and a profound understanding of food and wine. Indeed, these are attributes to be expected of a man who is steeped in the knowledge of hotel-keeping, and a woman who hails from a country where an appreciation of gastronomic art is general. At Rugby's *Grand Hotel*, so strategically and quietly located, the epicurian may order what he fancies, whilst, for those content with a menu of choice at a fixed and reasonable price, the staff, schooled to give service with pleasure, is theirs to command.

What 's in a name? *En route* to Scotland or to the English Lake District, you may be certain of the friendliest reception at the hands of *The Wild Boar*, near Windermere, on the Kendal/Bowness road.

In the south, *The Tides Reach Hotel* at Salcombe is aptly named, since the waves all but lap at its front door.

North again, and *The Cleveland Tontine Inn* is certainly a strange one. To satisfy your curiosity make a note of it next time you are at Staddle Bridge, on the road between Stockton and Thirsk. The explanation of the name will be found in the entrance hall.

Letters, accompanied by a stamped, addressed envelope for reply, should be addressed to Mr. Ashley Courtenay, c/o The Editor, The Sphere, Ingram House, 195 - 198, Strand, London, W.C.2.

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Westward Ho? Spend a night or more at

THE ROYAL CLARENCE HOTEL, Exeter

In the quiet of the Cathedral Close

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An English holiday this year, and in the "Garden of England," where hopfields and cherry orchards form our background, and the sea (3 mins. away), our foreground. Tel.: 2850.

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LEOMINSTER. THE TALBOT HOTEL

Touring Britain this year? Don't miss lovely Herefordshire, with this comfortable hotel as your focal point. The Resident Proprietors, Mr. and Mrs. A. Street, will personally welcome you and help you with your local itinerary. Tel.: Leominster 12.

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No APRIL, 1952 Schweppshire Post p.6

COOKERY

WOO HIM WITH NATURAL FOODS

Have you tried raw cod sandwiches garnished with a bouquet of shredded turnip?

Serve on a bed of toasted red cabbage if you want HIS eyes to light up.

ASHION *for the fuller figger*

IF NOT ACTUALLY FAT

For (B) *the belt is extended*

NEW Beauté FOR OLD

Schweppes Appeal

THROUGH SIMPLE EXERCISES

For nose and ears, this is POST'S Bi-manual: With right hand rotate nose anti-clockwise; with left pull out each ear in rhythmic countermotion, allowing it to spring back as *nose reaches upwards position*, so that the two blood supplies may interact.

TEEN-AGE TONIC

Let me be your Uncle

A SPLIT-SECOND SERMON BY DR. PRESCHWEPT

From the thousands of letters you have written let me pick one. A simple question. "Why must I relax?" Relaxing is being. Is knowing. Is living. Let the impetus *of relaxation come from within out, never from without in. Muscle by muscle. Arms—and remember the bones. LET YOUR TEETH RELAX.*

A S Prespt P.T.O.

'POST' BAG

AN OLD BULB

We have in our home a 1900 electric bulb still working. On it is a picture of the Archduke Otto wearing a sailor suit. Would not gayer, painted bulbs help to brighten our drab world of queues and form-filling?

(Miss) Evadne Schwepperfield

WORTH FOURPENCE

I have just come by a copy of Pilgrim's Progress marked with the date 1883. The price seems to have been 4d. *What is its value now?*

(Address not supplied)

GARDEN HINTS

'Marquess of Schwepstow'

For those of us who are carrot-minded, E. WILT, *Post's* carrot expert, reminds us of points to look for.

Note, in "Marquess", the high shouldering, absence of "waist", and abrupt taper.

1. Top or "pennant"
2. Shoulder
3. Underwing
4. Waist
5. Tip or "low-point"

Written by Stephen Potter. Drawn by Lewitt-Him

SCHWEPPERVESCENCE LASTS THE WHOLE DRINK THROUGH

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Published Weekly by Illustrated Newspapers, Ltd., Ingram House, 195-198, Strand, London, W.C.2, and Printed in England by The Illustrated London News and Sketch, Ltd., Milford Lane, London, W.C.2. Saturday, May 3, 1952. Entered as Second-Class Matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office, 1903.